We Pay all Zeppelin Damage. Sign Free Coupon. *Page III of Cover.*

JOHN BULL

Vol. XX. No. 537 | SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1916. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

926271

For meaning of this number see page 16.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

IF YOU LOVE JACK

show it by sending him a supply of his favourite sweetmeat—Wrigley' Chewi g Gum —in all your letters and parcels. Millions of bars are sent every week to the brave lads with the Grand Fleet. Don't let YOUR sailor boy feel "out in the cold." It's a health-help as well as a sweetmeat—keeps digestion good, prevents smoker's throat, and adds 50 % to the enjoyment of tobacco.

"THE SWEETMEAT THAT SUSTAINS."

WRIGLEY'S

SPEARMINT

CHEWING GUM

½d. bar—5 bars 2½d.

Mammoth box of 40 bars 1/6.

Of all confectioners, tobacconists, Chemists, and Boots Cash Chemists.

WRIGLEY'S, LTD.,
Lambeth Palace Road, S.E.

OLD CALABAR

HOUND BISCUITS
Fish Biscuits and Meals
are the best for hard-working dogs.
Sample and Booklet free from
THE OLD CALABAR BISCUIT CO., Liverpool, Eng.

The new way of Cleaning Linos & Polished floors saves

TIME
LABOUR
DRUDGERY

The New Triangular O-CEDAR POLISH MOP cleans as it polishes. Gets into the Corners and does in a few minutes every morning—without stooping or kneeling—work that hitherto necessitated a special day.

FREE TRIAL.—Deposit the price, 5s. 2d., with your dealer, and if after a few days you are not satisfied your money will be returned. The Mop is supplied impregnated with O-Cedar Polish.

When your Mop gets dry feed it with O-Cedar Polish.

PRICES OF POLISH 1/- to 10/6.

Channell Chemical Co., Ltd., 43-45, Old St., London, E.C.

THE NEW TRIANGULAR
O-Cedar Polish Mop
WITH ADJUSTABLE HANDY-HANDLE-HINGE

PERICLES
CYCLE TYRES

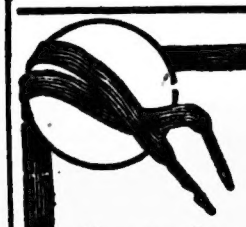
5/3 WIRED ON COVERS
5/6 BEADED EDGE COVERS
2/9 INNER TUBES

If you cannot afford a high-priced tyre, you certainly cannot afford a low-quality one.

Get the Pericles—the low-priced tyre—which is unequalled at anything like its cost.

IN ALL STANDARD SIZES OF ALL CYCLE AGENTS.

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD.



SEE THE TAGS! These are the tags that cannot come off and they are fitted to Paton Laces.

Next to the annoyance of a breaking lace is the lace from which the tag has become detached; it's so difficult to get it through the eyelet holes. You are secure from this annoyance if you buy

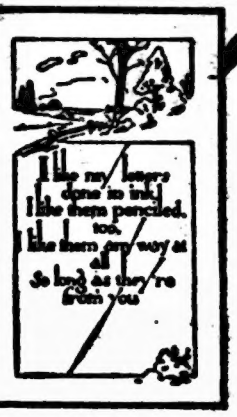
PATON'S BOOT & SHOE LACES

for the tags cannot come off. And Paton Laces give the longest wear, the smartest appearance and are the most comfortable.

Boot Laces for Ladies' and Gents' wear	2d. & 3d.	per pair.	
Shoe Laces (flat and tubular)	do.	3d.	do.
Leather Laces	do.	4d. & 5d.	do.

Your dealer can supply them if you will ask for them by name-Paton's E58

Wm. PATON Ltd., Johnstone, Scotland.



Ask your Stationer to show you a full selection of these useful and artistic cards. Remember to always keep a few ready to hand.

"No Need to Rack your Brain with Thought, If DAVIS "Message" Cards you've Bought."

DAVIS "MESSAGE" POSTCARDS do your thinking for you. There's a message for every occasion, whether grave or gay. One of the 500 different messages, comprising the series, will never fail to express your thoughts.

DAVIS 1d. "Message" Postcards save you endless time, and the trouble of writing many a letter.

A. M. DAVIS & CO.
QUALITY CARDS
86 & 87, FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON E.C.

When Your Safety Razor Pulls

Don't throw away the old blades; pack them up and send them to us, and we will re-grind and re-set them and return them to you, post free, at a cost of only

ONE SHILLING PER DOZEN BLADES.

It doesn't matter what Safety Razor you use. Send any number you like, together with Stamps or Postal Order, to

EMPIRE RAZORALITIES,

55a, Camomile Street, London, E.C.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment; and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.*

JOHN BULL

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XX. No. 537. Week ending Saturday, September 16th, 1916. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*."

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Next, Please!

Nobody will begrudge Lieut. Robinson the handsome prizes he has won by his daring deed; but what about a reward for the next airman who brings down a Zepp? What about a "JOHN BULL Fund," subscribed by our readers, and, of course, headed by ourselves?

"P. B.'s" Score.

There can be no doubt that "P. B.'s" article in our last issue—written, at a moment's notice, on the day of the event—coupled with the fact that the airship was destroyed in his constituency, has again put him "right there."

Those "Hornets."

And, by the way, it begins to look as though Winston's prophecy were coming true, after all!

No Help for Zepp Victims.

What is the position of anyone wounded in an air-raid? The authorities will do nothing for a poor woman whose arm was fractured in two places by shrapnel last April. She has been through two operations and has to undergo a third. Surely, she is as much entitled to help as the soldier wounded in the trenches.

Two Lies.

Having miscalled "a Zeppelin" the airship which gallant Flight-Lt. Robinson "bagged," the authorities went one better. They informed us that the amount of wood used in its construction pointed to a dearth of aluminium in Germany since the war; and now that they know that the airship *was built in* 1913, frantic efforts are being made by the Press Bureau to keep the fact out of the newspapers. Thus does ignorance lead to suppression of truth!

JOHN BULL on the Somme.

We agree with a correspondent—who calls our attention to the clear picture, in the Somme cinema film, of a copy of JOHN BULL strapped to the haversack of a Tommy as he jumps the parapet to attack the Hun—that "JOHN BULL is always found where there's fighting."

Not to be Bought.

Some readers have actually asked whether it is "an advt." You can't buy a thing like that. If so, what would some of our contemporaries pay for such an "unsolicited testimonial"?

Roumanian Mercenaries.

That is how the German papers now speak of our new Ally. We wonder how they spoke when moving Heaven and earth to secure her support!

Forty-Five Next?

Is it a fact that men are not to be too old at forty-five? Notwithstanding Mr. Asquith's statement, persistent rumours are in the air to the effect that the "forms" for raising the military age to forty-five are already printed. Rumour is notoriously a lying jade, though it must be said that there *have* lately been occasions when she has told the truth.

Another Hackney Hero.

How splendidly Hackney has done in the war! Her latest hero is Lieut. King, founder and editor of the *Hackney Spectator*—one of the brightest things in local journalism we have known. He was a dear and cherished friend of our own—and it was with wet eyes we read a letter, written just before he went to his death, and forwarded through his wife, by his direction.

"Gone West."

That is what the boys call death in these days; and this is what our lost friend wrote: "If I go West, into the land of shadows . . . when I have passed others will come; perhaps you may remember me now and again." God be praised that Britain can still produce such heroes!

Railway Robbery.

Why on earth, now that the railways are being run by the Government, should season ticket-holders who join the Colours, and consequently have no further use for their tickets, be robbed of half of what they have paid? Come, Mr. Runciman!

Post Office Ditto.

And why should men called up be pestered by the Post Office for renewals of their telephone fees—especially as in nearly every case there is a deposit in hand? Come, Mr. Pease!

"Popular" Education.

And will the London County Council explain how it comes to be circulating a booklet for use in elementary schools—entitled "How We Can All Help; Suggestions for Readings for Children"—containing such stuff as this: "The Germans have two good qualities, industry and thoroughness, and are docile and obedient to the Government. During the last 50 years they have built up a great and strong nation, and they are jealous of any other nation which is also strong or stronger than theirs. The present Kaiser, who is first cousin to our King George V., determined to make Germany as strong on sea as on land." Come, Lord Crewe!

You and your home Insured free if you sign Coupon on page iii of cover.

The Price of Food.

Is it the fact that Falmouth docks and warehouses are "packed with sacks of flour, as they never were in days of peace"? Who is Food Minister?

That "Split Infinitive."

We are constantly being called to order by pedantic readers for "splitting the infinitive"—which means putting the adverb between the two parts of a verb; thus, "to really appreciate," or "to thoroughly understand." You can split a soda—why not a verb? And would you, instead of saying "I want you to half-fill the kettle," instruct your kitchen-maid to "fill the kettle to one-half of its capacity"? Three cheers for the split infinitive!

Irish Repeal League.

Is Mr. Duke, Chief Secretary for Ireland, cognisant of a paper called the *Irish Nation*, published at 17, Fownes Street, Dublin? Whether he is or is not, this obviously traitorous organ is at present engaged, under the eyes of the civil and military authorities in Ireland, in openly organising a Repeal League. Why should Ireland be the only part of the Kingdom where flagrant disloyalty is allowed to be openly organised with impunity?

The Mansfield Election.

It is significant that, hearing of the advent of the Independent candidate, the Government should have taken steps to get the Speaker to issue his writ during the Parliamentary recess. But we gather that Dr. Turnbull is making great progress—and we intend to help him. A little more "gingering" up of Ministers can do no harm—and poor Arthur Markham would have been the first to condemn this "Party Truce" fraud.

That Sub-Title.

Suggestions still flow in—from all parts of the world—for that proposed sub-title. "The Paper that Gets Things Done" is the most favoured; whilst "The Truth-Teller," "The Other Paper that Did It," and "The Power Behind the Government," are very general suggestions. One reader breaks out into the classics, and suggests *Ficus ficus; legonem legonem vocat*—which, being interpreted, he informs us, means, "He calls a fig a fig—a spade a spade." But surely one of the best is "The Party '*Whip*'"; and here is another: "The Paper that 'Sees' and Doesn't 'Wait.'"

A Discordant Note.

All of which is, of course, very flattering. But there are others. One nice gentleman, for instance, proposes "Cant and Rant—Piffle and Swank," and writes several pages of libels for which in the past we have been solaced with substantial damages. He even suggests that the letter which we quoted in our paragraph about the late Sir Arthur Markham is a concoction which he is unable to disown—forgetting that we had already published it, months ago, in our Birthday Greetings! *Verb. sap.*—'Nuff said.

A Scrooge Tramway Line.

The Birmingham and Midland Tramways Joint Committee are qualifying to play the part of Scrooge. The commencing pay of drivers is 6½d. an hour, rising one farthing per year, so that a man must slave for five years before he reaches the gaudy golden height of 7½d. an hour. Of course there is overtime—on the same ultra-generous scale, for the Company denudes itself at the rate of time-and-a-quarter for all over 70 hours! It is, we understand, a money-making concern, and we are not surprised to hear it. But we do suggest better treatment and a little more consideration towards ex-soldiers employed by it.

Brutal Blundering.

A few days ago the Cardiff Recruiting authorities advertised Clifford Morgan Evans, Shirley Road, Cardiff, in the Welsh press as a deserter. The *Times* now announces that he was "killed in France last month." What does Mr. Lloyd George propose to do with the noxious muddler who did this thing? Gazette him promoted?

Why this Delay?

Parton, the ex-soldier of Manchester who, failing a proper pension, was obliged to turn out with a barrel organ to provide food and a home for his wife and three children, has now received his rightful payment. ***But he has had to wait two months for it.*** Men must wait and women must starve—that's what it comes to where the soldier is concerned.

More Economy: Official.

A lady munitions worker at Belfast states that "she asked for a badge to show she was 'doing her bit,' and was informed that as a voluntary worker she was not entitled to one, but that if she would accept payment she could have one." The result is that she and other munitions workers now take wages so that they may wear a badge; which apparently harmonises official ideas of economy with official feelings of gratitude.

Veal.

As an article of diet, veal may be described as nice, but not necessary. It is one of those table delicacies we can do without; yet the butchers slaughter calves daily, just to pander to people's palates. At Aldgate Cattle Market, for instance, about 20 of these immature animals are killed every day, and the same fact applies all over the country. It would surely be wise were the Board of Agriculture to say that this thing shall not be, and to order the animals to remain on the land, there to develop, in due course of nature, from a little veal into much beef.

Evil Influence of Sunday School.

Gather round, ye picture palace people, ye exhibitors of films that teach crime to children and corrupt their morals at a twopenny peepshow! Gather round—and smile at this true tale of the wickedness of Sunday Schools and the baleful influence of Sunday School prizes! It comes from the Police Court at Altrincham, where a 13-year-old girl appeared on remand. We tell it in the plain, precise language of the newspaper reporter:—"The girl, who has highly respectable parents, had been previously convicted for housebreaking, and her father stated that the offence was the result of reading a book prize which she received at Sunday School." Need we add a word to that report? Picture palace people should cut it out and keep it handy, ready for production when the next burst of cant and intolerance assails them.

A Previous Acquaintance.

In the name of Francis Horace Wilson, motor instructor, Acre Lane, Brixton, a man has just been sentenced at Lambeth to six months' hard labour for being in possession of a forged medical rejection certificate. The spurious signature was that of the President of the Medical Board at Camberwell, and the Magistrate described the case as a very bad one. From inquiries made on the spot at Acre Lane by our representative, we believe we are correct in identifying this man with the "Howard Wilson" against whom we warned our readers in June, 1915, when he was offering to teach motor-driving and get his pupils Army appointments at two guineas a week within fourteen days! His garage has been closed for about three weeks; there had been many complaints and inquiries locally, and he is now undergoing a punishment most thoroughly earned.

Write for free booklet describing the "John Bull" Pens.

Men at Women's Work.

Every ship that carries passengers also carries a small army of men whose duties are of a supernumerary order, such as bed-making and dish-washing. These avocations are eminently woman's work, and there is a sterner task for men's hands to-day. A word from the Government to shipowners should free a whole host of men.

P.O. Wages.

Particulars of low wages paid by the Post Office continue to come in. To-day it is the turn of telephone labourers employed in the environs of London. To name two districts, Bromley and Croydon, we learn that the wage paid these men is only 22s. a week, less 4d. for insurance. For similar labour the Boroughs of Bromley and Croydon pay from 28s. to 30s. If the Boroughs can pay that, why cannot the P.O.?

Another Scandal.

We deal in this issue with the scandal of the soldier's suffering wife. There is another scandal which causes suffering and want. Thousands of men examined for service have been passed into the category for "sedentary or clerical work." Probably not 1 per cent. of them will be called up, yet these men are refused civil employment because they are supposed to be liable to be called up at any time. The result is widespread misery and often starvation. We call upon the War Office to put this matter right.

Canadian Goods for Huns.

That "blockade" has leaks in it; gaps also. On a German soldier captured during the British advance was found an aluminium water bottle. On the bottom of it were the words, "Canadian Aluminium Goods Supply Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont., 1915." On other water bottles taken from other prisoners were similar marks, stamped with even later dates. It is not suggested that the Canadian Company sold the things to the Germans; that is unthinkable. They were evidently sold to dealers in the United States and shipped thence, successfully running that "blockade" of ours.

Inebriating Refreshment.

The *Medical Times* quotes a case in which the Liverpool Stipendiary decided that ginger wine is a spirit within the meaning of the Act, and fined the seller forty shillings and costs. And, as our contemporary points out, there is no doubt that the said wine is fairly strong tipple for a pumpuritan beverage, seeing that the City Analyst certified the concoction as containing 10½ per cent. of absolute alcohol, which is equivalent to 23 per cent. of proof spirit. We don't know what Mr. Lloyd George or the Uncontrolled Board drink for tea and deoch-and-doris, but if they get it out of this bottle and sit around it long enough, there will evidently be trouble for the police.

A Bold Sea Dog.

Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy! Who wants a sea dog? One of our readers informs us that he has "a pedigree light brindle bulldog" which he would like to present to one of his Majesty's ships of war. "For your information," he says, "I point out that the dog is one of the old British breed, *i.e.*, a fighter. He would fight anything, given the chance, with the exception of a human being. I am a born Swiss —a fact I shall be able to prove to you at any moment you may desire." If there is any naval officer who would like to adopt this lovely canine warrior as a ship's mascot, he is hereby requested to communicate with us. In the meantime, perhaps the owner will train the bold beast in naval exercises, in order that it may acquire sea legs.

Generosity.

A sapper in Kent informs us that in the flats around there are numerous dykes. One day recently a sheep belonging to a local farmer fell in and was on the point of drowning when it was rescued at considerable trouble by three men of his corps, "one of whom lost his fag case in the scramble." The farmer, he adds, "presented these chaps with the noble sum of fourpence." Farmers are very peculiar creatures.

"Captains of the Future."

Several sailors assure us that apprentices in the Merchant Service do receive pay, and a war bonus as well. The old ship's officer who told us his son received nothing is a man whose word we have no reason to doubt, and we believe he spoke the entire truth. We must take it, therefore, that his is one of those exceptional cases that prove the rule, the rule being that apprentices are in receipt of pay, although sometimes it is only £5 a year, less 3d. for insurance.

Broadmoor.

The attendants at Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum assure us, too, that their wages are totally inadequate. Nobody has had a rise for 28 years! The Home Office refuses to consider the matter, and the men are feeling pretty miserable owing to the stress of high prices for everything. Twenty-eight years is a long while to wait for an increase of salary, and, if the Broadmoor men are still kept in low spirits, their hard luck may drive them to qualify as inmates.

Hiding the Blemish.

The catalogue of offending picture-postcard merchants increases daily. The latest specimen card was bought by a soldier because it bore a Kentish imprint—that of Thornton Bros., New Brompton, Kent. When he got the thing home, and was admiring an ornate framework designed to receive the stamp, it became plain that some words were concealed beneath it, and closer inspection revealed the customary "Printed in Saxony." We do not object to the sale of pre-War stock, when done openly, but such deceit as this is very annoying to deluded purchasers, and should be made illegal if it is not already so.

The "V. Good" C.O.

Here followeth the curious story of a "man fra' Sheffield." He is one of the worms labelled "C.O." He never attested and failed to report when called up. Arrested as an absentee, he was fined 40s., and handed over. In camp he refused to wear khaki, and would obey no orders. After a few days he received a certificate stating he had "served 9 days" in the —— Regiment, and had been "transferred to —— Reserve." Armed with that, he has returned to civil employment in Sheffield, recommended, perhaps, by this tit-bit in his certificate: "His conduct while serving with the Colours has been V. Good." The Colonel who signed that must be a plucky man.

L.G.O.C.

We really thought the L.G.O.C. had settled down to amicable relations with its men, but we hear of much discontent. The Company has paid a record dividend for the half-year, but the wage-sheets remain unaffected. 30s. a week is still guaranteed, but that sum does not go far when there is a wife and family to be considered. Through the scarcity of petrol 300 or 400 men go home daily without work, yet the Company refuses permission for willing men to join the Motor Transport. It seems to us that the L.G.O.C. might give a little more attention to these matters and worry a little less about "spots"—otherwise officials in mufti sent out to detect irregularities.

Be posted on Facts. Get "John Bull's Diary of the 2nd Year of the War." 1s. net.

For a Clean World.

The Vicar of Bodenham, in Herefordshire, has got the right idea in the right phrase. "All that Germhuny stands for must be wiped out," he says; "the world cannot be clean until this is done." Then he goes on to say in his parish magazine that the Christian religion teaches us to be just as well as merciful; "there is a regrettable tendency in these days to turn the deaf ear to justice and to listen only to mercy." The Kaiser and his Huns can assure themselves that they will get justice all right—God's justice—which, tardy though it prove, rests never.

The R.N.A.S.

Should members of the Royal Naval Air Service seek flattering unction to lay to their souls, they will not find it in Luton. Caustic and turpentine more resemble the opinions expressed at the Tribunal there; for the Mayor, who led off, remarked that the R.N.A.S. was "one of those soft jobs that people were running after; he was continually getting requests for recommendation from young men who were sneaking into these soft jobs, and it was not very creditable." After that, the remark of another luminary, that joining the Service was "the same as sneaking into munition works," was quite a mild one. But what has the R.N.A.S. done to deserve all this?

Zepp Drill.

Give credit where credit is due. A good woman reader in London expresses her gratitude to the teachers at an L.C.C. school for the fire and Zepp drill learned by her children. When the guns began booming in the middle of the night last Saturday, she aroused her three young children from sound sleep, and she reports "they were out of bed and down four flights of stairs with a quickness and calmness incredible—and all in the dark, for, in my excitement, I could not find the matches!" It was a great help to that anxious mother, who had another child, a cripple, to look after, and the little incident is a feather in the cap of teachers who have taught the little ones so fine a lesson in readiness and pluck. Tottenham Court Road School is the one alluded to.

A "Generous" C.O.

A Conscientious Object at Brighouse started something new in the way of "wheezes," and wangled it so successfully as to secure conditional exemption. He is a school teacher, has attended Christadelphian meetings, but became a member only last year. His notion was that he "should serve the nation best by continuing as a teacher, and giving his holidays to national work." The gudgeons on the Tribunal swallowed the bait with a gulp. The Object goes scot free on condition that he "in holidays takes up work of national importance, the proceeds of the extra work to be devoted to charity." The shirker loses nothing, for he draws a salary from the Education Committee during his holidays. Yet the Chairman patted him on the back as "straightforward and generous." To us, it seems that the Chairman ought to take medical advice.

The Bishop's Patronage.

Why do not the clergy of the diocese of Durham strafe their Bishop, Dr. Moule? We know that in the Church, as elsewhere, kissing goes by favour; but it is something less than fair for the Bishop to appoint to one of the fattest livings in the diocese a man who has had no other association with it than a short service as his Lordship's chaplain. The Rev. F. W. Eddison—who succeeds Canon Martin as Vicar of Stockton, a living of £850 net, with a vicarage—may be a very able and a very godly man. But there must be many in the diocese of Durham not less worthy, not less godly, and not less in need of money.

What It Means.

In a recent issue we inquired the meaning of the appeals of the "Central Branch Surgical Depot, Queen Mary's Needlework Guild," for funds to purchase dressings for our wounded men, as we considered that the supply of such necessities was a matter for the Government. As in some quarters our paragraph seems to have been misunderstood, we think it right to say that, of course, no reflection whatever was intended to be cast upon the excellent work done by the Guild, and that—in view of the inexplicable failure of the authorities to provide these absolutely vital things—we naturally approve of the only other way of getting them being resorted to.

Envy.

This is what one of the boys says about all the girls working in his department at Woolwich Arsenal:—"I thought I might do a bit of good if I told you how they treat the girls and boys in the Arsanal, as I think myself it is very unfair on the boys as the girls have all priveleges. They are allowed to wash and we are not, they also have 15 minutes for lunch and we have nothing, they are allowed badges and receive all the Praise and have all the Best Jobs. As I work in the Arsanal and am speaking facks and have been in Woolwich Arsanal 2 years and 1 month." By the time our envious young friend grows older and has finished his classical education, he will probably have learned the meaning of "*Place aux dames.*"

Those Nurses.

We did not expect our charge that voluntary nurses are treated harshly by their professional sisters to pass unchallenged. But the defence is not convincing. One lady, for example, who "emphatically contradicts" us to commence with, waxes sarcastic by stating that "voluntary" workers are paid £20 a year, and winds up by telling how the trained nurse does the menial work which, she says, "is so overpowering to the untrained ladies(?)" That remark is scarcely sympathetic. On the other hand, one of the V.A.D. amply confirms what we have said about bad treatment, though she acknowledges "there are exceptions." She herself has suffered, but says she is "going to stick it"—because "we are doing it for our soldiers, who are the finest things on God's earth." That is the proper spirit, with the right ring in the words.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

Sergt. A. Gray (in *The Passing Hour*):—

"Roll on 'The Day!' That's what I am looking forward to; not the day when I shall meet the Hun face to face, and PUT MY FOOT DOWN WITH A HEAVY HAND, but the day I will leave France for a well-deserved pass, and see all the old faces once again."

"Daily News and Leader":—

"There were the mangled bodies of 15 Germans. It was IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL from these blackened embers HOW MANY BODIES THEY HAD BEEN."

"South London Observer, Camberwell and Peckham Times" (advertisement):—

"Wanted for Army Service Corps, Mechanical Transport, Drivers and Driver Mechanics. AGE 81 TO 45."

"Yorkshire Telegraph and Star" (advertisement):—

"Lady, MARRIED, 30, reliable and trustworthy, DESIRES CHANGE; PRESENT OCCUPATION THREE YEARS."

"Daily Record and Mail" (Glasgow):—

"Other Scots favoured by the Great Tsar were . . . Field-Marshal George Ogilvy (who DIED IN THE POLISH SERVICE BY THE TSAR'S PERMISSION)."

"Pullen's Kent Argus":—

"P.C. —— stated that at 1.40 on the date in question he was ON DUTY in the High Street WITH A BARROW OF FRESH FISH."

"Church Times" (advertisement of pamphlet):—

"A few of many KIND REMARKS: . . . 'I beg to return this pamphlet—IT IS CALCULATED TO DO MUCH HARM.'"

"NOTHING DOING."

JOHN BULL: "No, William, that little dodge won't work. When you want peace, you can have it—*on our terms.* Meanwhile, let's get on with the fighting."

(See special article on page 14.)

GERMANY MUST SOON BREAK.

WHY THE HUN PRESSMEN CEASE BRAGGING—AND BEGIN HOWLING.

By A. G. Hales.

FROM Switzerland to the coast the pressure of French and British armies continues with irresistible might, and every passing hour brings the destroyers of the world's peace nearer to their irrevocable doom. They must bend or break. It is too early yet to assert that Hindenburg, the only military genius our arch-enemy possesses, has failed to fulfil the frantic behests of the whole German people. He has not yet had time to get into his stride. His first big move must be to displace all the men holding lesser commands, and that cannot be achieved in a fortnight; meanwhile the Allies are forcing the German lines backwards by day and night. The dethronement of Von Falkenhayn and the appointment of Hindenburg to the supreme command does not mean merely the rise of one man and the fall of another; it means much more than that—it means the most gigantic change the German army has undergone since the days of Frederick the Great. To put the matter in a phrase which the lay mind can grasp easily, the appointment of Hindenburg means the abandonment of the complex system of war made by maps. Von Falkenhayn was the high priest of that too elaborate system. He filled the gap left vacant when Von Moltke was deposed, and he did less than Von Moltke. When I saw the German armies manœuvring in times of peace, I felt sure the "system" was too elaborate to withstand the rude shocks of war, with all the unexpected happenings which actual fighting entails. *The German system was too perfect*, too much like clockwork—it would prove invincible until one of the wheels went wrong; then would come chaos. Well, one of the wheels *has* gone wrong, and the clock has stopped.

What Hindenburg Stands For.

Von Hindenburg stands for the old order of warfare; he is an individualist, not part of a machine, and he will replace the machine-made commanders with men of individual merit, if he has time. The Germans had a dream—they dreamt they could make war a perfect science; they thought they could reduce campaigning to the exactitude of a game of chess. The dream worked beautifully in peace manœuvres; all the commander-in-chief had to do in a sham fight was to touch a button and the figures worked. Von Moltke and Falkenhayn were military geniuses in sham fighting—either of them would have beaten the head off Hindenburg as long as the war game was played, like chess, under well-defined rules. But there are no rules in real war, and that is why the machine-like army of Germany has failed to do what its votaries expected of it—it was too complex and too technically perfect. When one thing got out of gear, the whole elaborate machine went wrong. Most of the German officers are machine-made; they have no initiative. Our officers to-day are immeasurably superior; they are not hidebound, they can think for themselves—and that is the quality which enables a commander very often to turn an almost certain defeat into a crushing victory. The German army at the outset was like a splendid locomotive; now it is a locomotive off the rails, and the Allies are not going to give Von Hindenburg time to get it back on the rails again. Whilst he is remodelling his army, the Allies will bend or break it.

Fighting under the rules of their supposed infallible "system," the German commanders threw hosts of their men to certain death. The "system" took no account of the men in the ranks; they were there to be slaughtered every time the man with the maps touched a button in his tent. A regiment, a brigade, an army corps—what did it matter to the man who pressed the button? If ten thousand fall to-day, send on 20,000 to-morrow; if they fall, send 50,000 the day after—success is the only thing that matters." It is the gambler's game of attempting to break the bank at Monte Carlo by doubling one's losses until fortune favours the gamester or his money runs out. The Germans tried their system to the uttermost limit at Verdun, and their losses were so colossal that the *moral* of the whole German army is shattered; the men in the ranks, as well as the German War Council, have lost faith in the "system." They can even now replace Von Falkenhayn with Hindenburg, but where and how are they going to replace the rank and file? And will Hindenburg, genius though he be, be able to rebuild the shattered confidence in their leaders and in themselves? They know now they are not invincible; some have quite lost heart, and many have of late surrendered cheaply. A rot has set in, and if it spreads no power on earth will keep the German army in the field, despite the bullying methods of its officers.

Must Bend or Break.

Give the German rank and file their due—taken upon the whole, they have fought with a courage worthy of a better cause; the supreme folly of their leaders in throwing away lives needlessly is breaking the hearts of the survivors, and we may expect wholesale surrenders ere long. To those who surrender let us give soldierly treatment, whilst we reserve our vengeance for the demons of high rank who have behaved like fiends. The mode of attack adopted by British and French in the great offensive which commenced on the last day of June compares most favourably, both in regard to the results achieved and in the sacrifices of men, with the German efforts at Verdun. The German "system" said "Hack through at all costs." The Allied initiative said, "Bend the enemy back until he breaks of his own volition; make it a matter of eternal pressure properly distributed and—don't rush your forces." The result is that the enemy's offensive at Verdun is crippled after the ghastliest losses to the attacking forces, and Verdun is so far safe. On the other hand, the French have advanced since the end of June over eight miles in a formed line on a width of seventeen miles, and they have consolidated every inch of ground they have taken, so that no counter-attacks on Hindenburg's part can shift them. The only Germans who will see that soil again during war will see it as prisoners. The British, too, have made superb advances, fighting for every inch of ground and winning it often at the bayonet's point—and they, too, are making "siccar" as they go along. Both are taking plenty of German prisoners. Both are capturing many guns, heavy calibre and rapid firing, and the German line of defence is bending in like the string of a bow unstrung. Soon, unless a miracle happens, the whole German line from the sea to Switzerland *must* fall back in order to make good that wound in its vitals, or else the bent places must break; and if they break, then the cry that will ring along the Allied lines will be "*En avant Berlin!*" But I do not expect this. I think they will yield ground all along their front and straighten out their line. They dare not shorten their line at either *end*, for if they did we would turn their flank near the sea and the French would be round them like tigers near Switzerland. The length of their line—once their boast—is now their despair. God send good health to General Joffre and Sir William Robertson, and the Devil take the peacemongers!

GROSS CRUELTY TO SOLDIERS' WIVES.

MADE TO SUFFER THROUGH NO FAULT OF THEIRS.

BY CHARLES PALMER.

WHILE men are cheerfully giving their lives on the field of battle, their homes are being sold up or their wives and children turned out of doors because the rent has not been paid. This looks like exaggeration, I know, but it is a fact, and anyone who is concerned with benevolent work—such as "The Greatest of These—" Fund which, thanks to the kindness of the readers of JOHN BULL, is performing a merciful mission—knows that what I am stating is by no means a distortion of the truth. Of course the obvious thing to do is to abuse the landlord, because we always have a picture before our minds of a big-bellied, bloated individual with a red face and a huge gold watch-chain, who battens on the poor and draws his substance from the sufferings of the miserable. But abuse won't remedy things. And, moreover, every landlord is not a capitalist, with bulging pockets and a big cheque book. Some landlords are brutes, just as some tenants are thieves. But there is many a small man to whom the payment of the rent is *his* means of livelihood.

Through No Fault of Theirs.

No, we must deal with the trouble at the source, and the source is the Government. I don't mean Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George—I mean the methods of Government, the System. Now the system is all wrong, and it must be altered. Already, thanks to the pressure of public opinion, the Government are showing a more humane attitude towards the whole question of the treatment of those dependent upon our soldiers, and in the matter of pensions, too, things are improving. But we shall have to hammer away a long time yet, and "Tommy's and Jack's Page" will reveal many cruelties and injustices before our sailors and our soldiers, wounded and disabled in the war, and those who depend upon them for home and comforts, have full justice done them. There undoubtedly are cases in which soldiers' wives who have been evicted, or are threatened with eviction, for the non-payment of rent, are themselves at fault. But, generally speaking, the cause of the arrears is illness; and you can imagine what it means to a honest, hard-working woman to lie on a sick bed, away from her children, and to know that she is running up a debt she cannot discharge, and that the end of it all will be that she and her bairns have no roof over their heads.

Hopelessly, Heartlessly Wrong.

This is what happens when the wife or child of a soldier becomes ill and goes to a State-aided institution: The keep of the patient is deducted from the small weekly separation allowance. Only the other day I quoted the case of the soldier who had lost his reason while on active service, and who is now in an asylum in this country. Out of the money due to him the authorities deduct the cost of his keep, about £1, leaving only a few paltry shillings for the family. Now this is all wrong, hopelessly, heartlessly wrong. The soldier and the soldier's family, I repeat, should be a first charge on, and the first care of, the State. A man who loses his reason after passing through the hell of shot and shell at the Front has paid that awful penalty for you and for me, and to penalise him and impoverish his family because of his terrible illness is just a piece of damnably callous conduct unworthy of a great nation. It is bad enough that the unhappy Tommy should be lost to his family in a living death; it is infamous that his wife and children should be treated as though he were a disgrace instead of an honour to them, and that they too should be made to suffer hunger as well as the worst kind of bereavement. Every man from whom the Demon of War has exacted these awful penalties must be supported by the State for whom he has fought and suffered. It is an outrage that he should be made to pay for that care and attention the State should gladly and generously offer.

A Landlord's Letter.

Surely it is equally the duty of the State to look after the wife and children if, while the man is fighting or suffering, sickness overtakes them. Here is a typical case which I will quote just to give my readers some idea of what is going on, because I know that the great heart of the public will not permit such scandals to continue. A wounded man lately wrote from a military hospital at Chatham, enclosing a letter from his landlord which is in these terms:—

> DEAR SIR,—There will be due for rent on Monday next, August 28th, £1 8s. What do you propose doing about the matter before I write to the War Office about it? Please send an answer by return.

This is what the unfortunate soldier says: "I am in hospital with a withered arm, and have to undergo an operation very shortly. My wife has been taken very ill, and in consequence of same has had to be taken into the infirmary and my children have been put in the workhouse, which leaves me in a very awkward position, as out of my pay I am not in a position to pay this amount, and apparently my wife's allowance is handled by the authorities at the —— Infirmary. As far as I can ascertain, my wife is being charged 5s. per week for each child and also 5s. per week for herself, which does not leave sufficient with which to pay the rent. I think it is very hard that whilst I am serving my King and Country we should be treated in this manner." I agree it *is* very hard, and it is our fault—we of the public whose servants the Government are—if such instances of hardship and injustice are permitted to continue. Inquiries into the man's case fully bear out the terms of his letter.

Oh, Those Authorities!

It appears that the wife, who has just left the infirmary, although not in a fit state of health to do so, had been an inmate for three weeks. She has four children, and three of them were compelled to go into the workhouse, the fourth being kept by the grandmother. The allowance was 28s. 6d. per week, and from this amount £1 was deducted "by the authorities"—oh, those authorities!—being five shillings for herself and five shillings each for her three children, and out of the balance she sent 3s. 6d. to her mother for the keep of the other child. No wonder the rent is in arrears—rent for two rooms in a basement practically devoid of light and air. The whole of the furniture in them would not fetch 10s. And here was this refined little woman, so weak that she could hardly crawl about or speak—wife of a soldier lying in hospital—with the rent overdue and no money to meet her debt. A "human document," indeed, if ever there was one—but, unfortunately, only one case of hundreds of such throughout this rich and humane land of ours. The fact that this poor woman has been tided over her trouble by "The Greatest of These—" Fund is beside the question. I repeat, it is a scandal that private charity should be compelled to fill the cruel gaps left by National Justice.

A GRAVE WARNING!

"DAGONET" ON THE GRIP OF THE GERMAN OCTOPUS.

BY GEO. R. SIMS.

TO what extent, after two years of a bloody and costly war, are the tentacles of the Hun octopus still twined around us?

Day after day thinking Britons, impressed by astounding happenings, happenings which are to our disadvantage and often to our direct injury, rub their eyes and talk about "the hidden hand."

If the phrase "the hidden tentacles" were substituted, I believe it would be a more correct definition of the enemy power which has so frequently paralysed our efforts in our fight for freedom.

We are going to win this war—we *are* winning it. But because of the grip of the Hun octopus upon many of the things that make for victory, that victory is being accomplished at a far greater cost in blood and treasure than would have been necessary had we started in the fight, and been able to carry on the fight, free from the grip of those deadly tentacles.

Politically, financially, commercially and socially, the tentacles encompassed us long ago. The Hun octopus made sure of his grip upon the financiers of a Power which it knew must, sooner or later, be a hostile Power, and it made sure long before it allowed the cause for hostility to arise.

To-day we are writing the history of the war in red hot blood. In the days to come the story of Great Britain's almost superhuman effort to save her Empire from the ruin, stealthily but systematically prepared for her by Germany, will be written in cold blood. And then, and then only—always presuming that the historians are honest—shall we know the truth.

There are a few who know it now, and who, because the honour of their land is dear to their hearts, would willingly tell it now, and tell it boldly and frankly.

But this is not the moment when, from the patriotic point of view, the whole truth can be told to the greatest advantage. All our energies must for the time being be devoted to killing the Hun octopus.

The press has done splendid service to the National cause. Again and again the press has compelled those in power who were pursuing a hesitating and half-hearted policy to face the situation in a more statesmanlike way.

But the press has had to be diplomatic in its campaign for efficiency. The British newspapers are read by both foes and friends, and therefore the press has had to temper its valour with discretion. It has had to guard itself against saying that which would hearten the enemy and that which would dishearten our Allies.

But the hidden tentacles are not a myth. That they have played an important part in the Huns' preparation for a war of world-conquest is a recognised fact, and the recognition should be sufficient to rouse every man and woman who have the national honour and the national welfare at heart to a sense of the important part which he and she may still play in the life-and-death struggle, on the issue of which the whole future of our Empire and our race depends.

Millions of braves are fighting the Hun abroad. There is a mighty army of tens of millions who are not eligible for military service, but on whose ears the cry, "Your King and Country need you!" should ring as a call to action.

The country needs those millions, and the need is great. Our brave soldiers and sailors will win the victory for us; but when they have won it, it is upon the will of a great united people that the value of the victory will depend.

It is for the people to say and see that the tentacles of the Hun octopus shall exercise no pressure upon the makers of the terms of peace—that the hidden power which shaped the beginning of the war shall have no influence in shaping the end.

Knowledge is power; and the knowledge of what has been happening to weaken and delay our blows at the enemy will be the power behind the dictators of the terms of peace when the hour of peace shall dawn.

Great Britain is the heritage of the British people. It is not a property leased for a term of years to a syndicate of lawyer-politicians.

The elected representatives of the people—whether they are Cabinet Ministers or plain M.P.s—are the salaried servants of the people, and only remain in the people's service at the people's will and pleasure.

During the war there has been no General Election, and no Ministers and Members of Parliament have continued to hold their offices and draw their salaries and pursue whatever policy seemed good to them, either from the Party or the National point of view, uncontrolled by the conditions which in ordinary times make the voice of the people the master's voice.

Throughout the war the people have behaved admirably. In the dark days of disaster, due to our utter lack of preparation, they showed a calmness and a restraint worthy of the best traditions of our race.

When success crowned our arms on land, and our noble Navy added fresh records to its glory roll, they waved no flags and rang no bells. The voice of the people was silent.

That is one of the great outstanding facts of the story of the British people in the Great War—their silent faith in the triumph of their cause because it was just and righteous.

But the voice of the people must in the near future be heard again, and it must speak with no uncertain voice. In the ears of the politicians, financiers, bureaucrats, commercial magnates, pressmen, pamphleteers and propagandists who under the pressure of the hidden tentacles have raised the cry "Don't humiliate Germany," the voice of the people must thunder its demand for the most humiliating punishment that can be inflicted by the conquerors upon the conquered.

Any terms of peace that do not humiliate Germany will be terms of peace that leave the Huns free to hold their heads high among the nations, and such terms will be a foul betrayal of the great army of patriots who have given life and all that was dear in their country's cause.

Such terms will be an insult to the memory of the gallant men and noble women and innocent children who have been wantonly murdered to make a Berlin holiday.

The blood of the martyrs cries for vengeance. That vengeance the Prime Minister, speaking from his seat in the House of Legislature, has solemnly declared shall be executed upon the murderers.

But be sure that those upon whom the guilt of these murders rests will, when the day of judgment comes, rely confidently upon the hidden influence which has been exerted on their behalf in war.

It is for this reason that every man and woman in the land must arm for the fight for peace, for the only peace which for generations to come will mean the deliverance of civilisation from the menace of German militarism and intrigue, and free the forces that control the policy of the British Empire from the tentacles of the Hun octopus.

GRAND FLEET AND ROTTEN GOVERNMENT.

RULING ON THE SEAS AND BEING SWINDLED ON THE PRICES.

BY THEODORE THOMAS.

In spite of the increase in our naval power, as explained the other day at Glasgow by Mr. Balfour, it would be idle to pretend that the uses to which the Government put the Grand Fleet are equal to its strength. It might completely blockade Germhuny; it hasn't, but it could—and for reasons or with objects inscrutable to most people outside the Government, Mr. Balfour and his colleagues will not let it do so. Foodstuffs and commodities generally are pouring into Germhuny which should not be allowed to reach there. The power of prevention is that of Admiral Jellicoe, yet he is not permitted to act as if he possessed it. If the end of the war was wholly dependent on the blockade of our Grand Fleet only, it is doubtful whether peace would be in sight within our generation. Apart from establishing its command of the seas, all the Fleet has been allowed to do is to put the Germhuns to a certain amount of discomfort—to make foodstuffs and general commodities a little scarcer and a little dearer. Even so the Berliner is said to be able to purchase milk, for instance, at 4½d. a quart. In our own country the prices of food and commodities, with all our command of the sea, are soaring higher and higher, and the Government do not care a tinker's curse. They fool the public with Committees of Inquiry who never seem to get any forrarder. If the relative positions had been reversed—if the British Grand Fleet had been in the position of the Germhun High Seas Fleet—does anybody suppose that the Germhuns would have allowed neutrals to feed and succour us as they feed and succour Germhuny, or that they would have permitted themselves to be victimised to the extent we are victimised by the sharks of hoping and the profiteers of trade? To ask the question is to answer it. Ministers with their fat salaries have not to live as the poor live. They do not feel the pinch of the shoe. They have not to tighten their belts. Their children have not to suffer in health. They can preach economy without practising it. They can applaud the economic "advantage" of high prices without feeling the effect of them. On and onwards to the end of the war they will not eat less or drink less, burn less coal or clothe themselves less warmly against the cold. When winter comes Messrs. Asquith and Co. will put on their fur-lined coats and curl up in a corner of their motor cars and make themselves as snug as a bug in a rug. Not so the poor. Not so the small wage-earning and professional classes who always live on the borders of Nothing-to-Spare. To them these profiteering prices are a cruel, intolerable hardship. On the top of that, they feel that they are being victimised and swindled through the neglect or inability of the Government to protect them, or by the connivance of the Government in the game. Ministers have allowed the public to be lassoed by trusts and rings and ramps, and the rope is being drawn tighter round our necks every day. The profiteers put a pistol to our heads and demand our money or our life. Feeble and fatuous, the Government stand placidly by and do nothing except gas and gurgle, blather and blarney, whereas they ought to lay violent hands on the villains, disarm them, and compel them to traffic for their profits like honest and patriotic men. Surely the gravity of this state of things is sufficiently obvious to demand the stern interference of Parliament itself?

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES, BY THE "BOW-WOW."

The German working man,
Now peace is drawing nigh,
Would cozen British workers,
But gets a cold reply.

Lieutenant Robinson
His mighty "bag" surveys,
Which, with amazing pluck,
He brought down in a blaze.

To workmen on the Clyde
The First Lord makes appeal
To drop their making toys
And build ships that are *real*.

The slackers who so long
In Garden Towns have hid,
Will soon now hear the sergeant's tongue,
And do as they are bid.

What fools we British be!
The skunks who slay our wives
And kill our babes, we take
With honour to their graves!

But heroes who have fought
And died for Britain's flag,
To pauper graves in sorry deal
We from the workhouse drag!

THE SCANDAL OF THAT MILITARY FUNERAL.

AND WHY AN INQUEST ON THE BODIES OF THE MURDERERS?

By "Scrutator."

Who was responsible for the decision to give the incinerated "Zepp." crew burial with military honours? The Coroner said it was the War Office, and that means Mr. Lloyd George. We refuse to believe that the Secretary for War was in any way responsible for this outrage on public sentiment. For months past Ministers, in their speeches and in the eloquent phrase of diplomatic documents, have been denouncing these Zeppelin raiders as murderers, and the press has labelled them "baby killers." We have been promised that in due time those primarily responsible shall be brought to account; neutral countries have been led to believe that we regard this method of warfare as uncivilised and inhuman. And yet no sooner do we bring to earth in a blazing airship the incinerated bodies of the crew, than some official fool orders that the corpses shall be given the fullest military honours! Was there ever a worse case of misplaced maudlin sentiment? Is it to be wondered at that public indignation flamed up like that Zeppelin alight? The outburst frightened the authorities into a glimmer of common-sense. The hundreds of police who kept the road from Cuffley to the cemetery at Potter's Bar were there because a demonstration of indignation more practical than protesting letters to the press was feared. As it was, these Hun bodies were given more than the decent burial which was all that was deserved. They were treated as the remains of honourable foes; indeed, the burial was such as a British soldier may receive, and more than many get. This is all wrong. We are in complete agreement with the letters of protest sent to us. These Zeppelin raiders cannot be both murderers and honourable foes. It is no answer to say that they are simply soldiers doing their duty. The same might be said of a spy sent under orders to this country. But if he is caught he is shot and hurried into an unnamed grave beyond the pale of consecrated ground. What is the use of Mr. Balfour, for instance, describing these raids as "methods of terrorism" which only make "the flame of indignation turn hotter within us," if those who slaughter women and children are to be treated with a sickly sentimental disregard for national feeling? "We perfectly recognise," said the First Lord of the Admiralty in the House of Commons some time ago, "that a nation which is prepared for any degree of brutality at sea is not likely to show undue humanity when it comes to deal with land. Therefore we do not for a moment suppose there will be immunity for London or any other undefended place in this country, or that they will derive more consideration from the laws of humanity or the laws of nations." That, then, is the official view—the Cabinet view—when we are denouncing the murderers. When we catch them dead, we give them a military funeral and sound the "Last Post" over their dishonoured remains. If we caught them alive, no doubt we should be expected to applaud them as heroes! Really, the wonder is that the Coroner's jury was not directed to bring in a verdict of wilful murder against the redoubtable Robinson who killed the whole lot of them. Why an inquest at all? This was an invasion from the air—just as much an invasion as if the Huns had landed on our coast. Suppose a hundred or a thousand German soldiers had been killed in fighting on land in Norfolk, just as these men were killed fighting in the air in Hertfordshire—should we hold an inquest on the Boches' bodies? While the murderers were being honoured with a soldiers' funeral the bodies of two of their victims, young girls, killed by bombs (they were not even included in the official returns!) were laid to rest not far away. Yes, it is time we stopped this kind of tomfoolery in high places. The public don't understand; it makes them ask ugly and awkward questions.

A SHAMEFUL NECESSITY.

BEGGING FOR WOUNDED HEROES.

The public have lately received a good many charitable appeals on behalf of hospitals and other institutions where wounded soldiers and sailors are undergoing treatment; and although in most cases a sympathetic response has been forthcoming, a note of just criticism has occasionally been heard. It is not unfairly contended that the whole cost of nursing the wounded back to health should be a charge upon the State, and that it ought never to be necessary for the hospital authorities to go begging on behalf of men who have given freely of their best in the service of the nation. At Southend recently, this point of view received forcible expression at a meeting arranged to promote a bazaar in aid of the funds of H.M. Queen Mary's Royal Naval Hospital, where many wounded soldiers have been quartered. Not unnaturally, the public were anxious to know whether the proceeds of the proposed bazaar were to be spent upon the soldiers or upon the civilian patients, who in the general way are accommodated at Queen Mary's Hospital. To this pointed inquiry, the Chairman could offer no more satisfactory reply than that the money would go "into the general funds," a prospect which seems to have been viewed with disfavour by a section of the audience. In this particular case, a two-fold objection thus arises. In the first place, it is obviously unfair that public sympathy with wounded soldiers and sailors should be exploited in the general interests of any charitable institution. In the second place, it is clearly wrong that hospitals undertaking military work should receive such scanty payment from the Government as to be compelled to go round with the hat on behalf of wounded men. It is the latter aspect of the situation that we are inclined to emphasise; and we suggest to the Government that their present grant of from 3s. to 4s. a day to cover the cost of food and medical requisites for wounded soldiers and sailors in civil hospitals is quite inadequate, and should be immediately increased.

VEXING A VOLUNTEER.

WILLING WOMAN WORKER WHO WAS NOT WANTED.

A few weeks ago the daily press gave space to War Office appeals for more nurses and women willing to do war work, "no first-aid or home nursing certificates being needed." In urging women to join the Voluntary Aid Detachment, the appeal emphasised that "it is time now" that unnecessary household tasks were dispensed with and public service given. Moved by these stirring pleas, a lady reader wrote to offer her help. After seven days she received a reply and a form to fill up. She volunteered to serve as cook, being competent, or as under-nurse. Another week brought another form and a request for three references. After two more weeks came a form for medical examination and an appointment to visit the Matron, at Devonshire House. At the resulting interview there were put numbers of unnecessary, and some absurd, questions. Every query on all the forms was repeated, and the applicant was also asked why she had not applied for a job at a munitions factory! The obvious answer was that the lady was not seeking work of the kind suggested, but was offering her voluntary services, patriotically, in response to an appeal made by the War Office in the newspapers. To this came the astonishing rejoinder: "You should not take notice of such things. Suppose your husband were to fall ill; who would look after him?" It was a peculiarly ungracious reception, and it led our reader to imagine that such useful services as she was prepared to render were counted small as compared with the applications of wealthy ladies more ornamental than useful. Her suspicions seem to some degree justified, for the upshot of all was the receipt of a curt communication from the "Joint Women's V.A.D. Department": "Dear Madam,—We thank you for your application for work under this Department, but we regret to say that we do not think we have any work to offer which would be suitable for you." So, after a waste of two months, a capable, competent volunteer was turned down and her assistance rejected!

Clean and Wholesome. Everything printed in "Everywoman's."

When Roumania goes a-courting in costume gay and sporting
We offer our congratulations hearty,
And trust we don't intrude,
If we ask them to include
Our Chairman Juniors at the wedding party.

Chairman Juniors are well worth while. In quality they are really good—so good that nine men in every ten would like them . . . . . and the tenth would if he had an appreciative palate. To the usual and ordinary pleasure one has in a cigarette they add something more—a degree of satisfaction that is as unusual as it is gratifying. Their quality and excellence at their price is only possible by putting all the value in the cigarettes. They are the original Chairman Cigarettes made a little smaller, and there are no coupons or cards with them. They are sold by tobacconists *everywhere* at

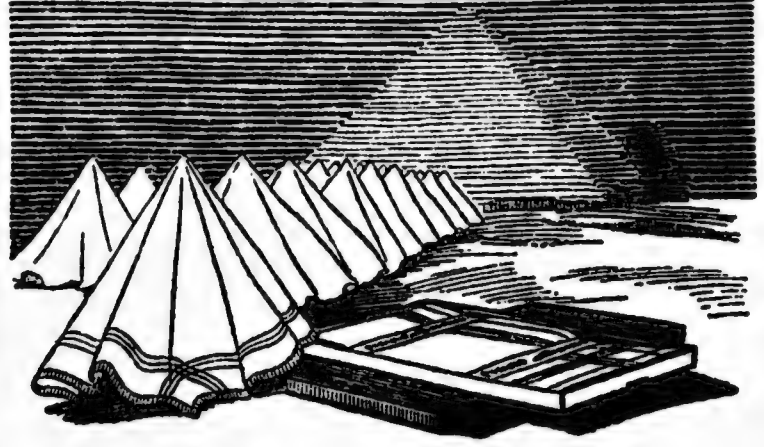
3d. for 10.

Made and guaranteed in every particular by

R. J. LEA, Ltd., Manchester.

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page ii of Cover.

PYRAMID HANDKERCHIEFS



IT'S a comfort to many men to know they have NOT to pay more for Pryamids—the pleasant-to-use handkerchiefs that last. Quality the same, price the same, white and indelible color borders of taste. Khaki for the Boys.

TOOTALS, 132, Cheapside, London, E.C. Manufacturers of the Great Tootal line.

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Every Pyramid bears the Pyramid label. P35

'No Tonic to equal it'

(From doctor's letter).

With Hall's Wine, as with most other things of worth, one must now either cheapen Quality to meet price, or maintain Quality whatever the price.

The Quality of Hall's Wine, so far Supreme, will *remain* Supreme, cost what it may. Our reputation and the people's confidence demand it.

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HER MOTHER SAYS:—

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders; and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Austen Chamberlain, M.P., Secretary of State for India.

DEAR MR. CHAMBERLAIN,—Though you may occasionally bury your eyes and ears as is the way of Cabinet Ministers, you seem to be more or less in touch with popular feeling; and your recent message through the Press Bureau is a well-intentioned effort to allay public misgiving in regard to the treatment in India of the wounded from Mesopotamia. I hope everything is now as satisfactory as you say; but reports to the contrary have been so insistent that it is difficult to accept all at once the bland official disclaimers with which you have been furnished. I can imagine nothing more calculated to arouse the anger of the public than doubt or anxiety over the fate of these brave fellows, maimed and broken in the nation's cause. JOHN BULL.

To Flight-Lieutenant Robinson, V.C.

DEAR LIEUTENANT,—You have earned the thanks of the nation, and the V.C. so justly awarded you is but a small token of what we all think of you. For a long while the authorities have been inclined to believe that the anti-aircraft gun offered a better defence against these raids than the gallantry of our airmen. You have shown that British grit and skill are more than equal to the murder machines which have too long been allowed to come and go with impunity. More power to your elbow, especially when it is working a Lewis gun; and more luck, too, when next you go up into the darkness to attack the peril that comes by night! You did not bring down a "Zeppelin," it is true, but you smashed up an important airship and accounted for nearly a score of "baby killers." That is something to go on with, and I am proud of you. JOHN BULL.

To Will Thorne, Esq., M.P.

DEAR MR. THORNE,—It seems to me that in your speech at the Trades Union Congress you stated the common-sense view of the "conscription" question in a way which really leaves little more to be said. You claimed personally to have always advocated "the establishment of a National Citizen Army, in which every man should be trained," and there was force in your contention that "if that proposal had been adopted there would have been no need for the present Act." For the rest, you observed that "it would be the electors' own fault if at the close of the war a Parliament in favour of conscription were returned"—and that, whatever our views on the merits of compulsory military service in general, is the plain logic of the situation, which it is as well to have stated in sane and sober terms. JOHN BULL.

To Lieutenant-Colonel J. F. Elkington, Royal Warwick Regiment.

DEAR COLONEL ELKINGTON,—It is with the keenest pleasure that I have read of your reinstatement in your former rank and regiment, from which you were removed by sentence of court-martial in the early months of the war. Into the details of the mistake which led to this severe award I need not now enter; whatever your fault, you have expiated it in full, not only by suffering, but by the heroic conduct in the ranks of the French Foreign Legion which has won you the most coveted of French military decorations, the Medaille Militaire. It is a romantic story, with the happiest of happy endings. Make haste and get well from your wounds. JOHN BULL.

To Private William Day, Field Ambulance.

DEAR PRIVATE DAY,—That was a plucky act of yours to jump into Immingham Graving Dock in the vain attempt to save your pal Charley Wood, who fell into the water when you were both going to work at midnight. Without a thought for your own safety, and in spite of being an indifferent swimmer, you plunged in when you heard the splash, and managed to get hold of the man. But you could not save him, and it was only by a miracle that you were not drowned as well. I agree with the Coroner, "If ever there was a praiseworthy action, yours was one," and I like your modest answer, "Anyone would have done the same for Charley." Such friendships are all too rare. JOHN BULL.

H. Lee Pattinson, Esq., Military Representative, Norham and Islandshire Tribunal, Berwick.

DEAR SIR,—Are you in a position to elucidate to me, a little more fully than you did to the Tribunal, the causes of your resignation? As it stands, the statement you made suggests, and indeed implies, a grave scandal. After remarking that you had thought the obligations of military service were the same for all, high and low, rich and poor, you proceeded: "It appears I was mistaken. Now I know the facts I can only resign my appointment, for nothing will induce me to take part in compelling the uninfluential to make sacrifices for their country, when I know there are underground methods by which the influential escape their obligations and throw the burden of defending them on others whose only fault is that they are too poor or too proud to resort to these underground methods." The Chairman's comment on these remarks is significant. He said he supported your action, and "would have done the same thing himself if placed in the same position." I am well aware of the existence of the big umbrella and the hiding cupboard in Government offices, arsenals and controlled munitions works. Am I now to understand your allegation to be that the War Office has been using unfair official influence to induce you not to press for men if they are in influential positions? If that is the meaning, let us have the facts in naked form, for it involves an outrage which is shameful as well as intolerable. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Richard Plater, St. John's Clergy House, Beddington.

REV. SIR,—With you, I think a great many Drink questions would be solved by the open house—open, of course, I mean, in the sense that the Continental *cafés* are open. In your own words, "Abolish the bar where men and women stand and drink glass after glass; furnish the space at disposal with small tables and comfortable chairs; compel the publican to supply, not snacks, but meals—and allow instrumental music at intervals." I am myself confident that the public-house will always attract as a home those who have few or no attractions of home, and that the more you lift the public-house as so many of the poor know it to-day, the more you will lift its *habitués*. No doubt, settled national habits are difficult to eradicate, but we shall have to learn and unlearn many things in the New Kingdom after the war. How to improve the public-house is one, I hope, we shall learn. JOHN BULL.

To J. C. Hedderwick, Esq., Magistrate, North London Police Court.

SIR,—That was a bad case brought to your notice in which—because a soldier's wife, through stress of poverty, had been unable to keep up regular payments of rent—her landlord had removed the doors and windows from her flat. A more heartless proceeding can scarcely be imagined, and although you speak of "mitigating circumstances," they are by no means easy to discover. However, you have done well to warn landlords that during the war a tenant can be ejected only by due legal process, and that as far as you are concerned such scandals "will not be tolerated" in future. I hope you will be as good as your word. JOHN BULL.

To the Directors, Madame Tussaud and Sons, Ltd., Baker Street, W.

GENTLEMEN,—Being an admirer of your Moral Waxworks, I am sure you will excuse me if I indicate a blot upon your interesting and intellectual display. As a matter of fact, there are four blots. They occur in your Grand Hall, No. 4, and they take the form of effigies representing, with a fidelity almost life-like, those malodorous monarchs, the Sultan of Turkey, King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, the Emperor of Austria, and that arch-villain, Kaiser Bill. Do please re-shuffle the pack, gentlemen. Take the sinful quartette out of your Grand Hall, which they desecrate, and place them in that other room of yours which seems specially designed for their accommodation—the Chamber of Horrors. In the company of Burke and Hare, Charles Peace, Greenacre, and Wainwright they will be quite at home. JOHN BULL.

AN OFFER FRO

His Sinister Plot Exposed - - -

By THE

THE other day I said "the war *cannot* last long," and that "Germany *must* give way"; and I knew what I was saying. I based my view upon two main facts; first, that, for the reasons I will now state, I am certain that Germany is nearly done, and, secondly, because I know—mark that phrase. *I know*—that overtures for peace are already being made by the Kaiser; not direct to the Government, of course, but in the recognised circuitous fashion always adopted in such cases. And I know that the Government knows all about them—although Mr. Asquith speaks by the card when he says that no "proposals" have been made. But I know something else—something the Government *doesn't* know—and I am going to tell you all about it.

Why the War Can't Last.

First, let me show you why the war *cannot* last much longer—whatever be the terms of Peace. I am not going over the old ground—about the pressure of the Allied armies on all the various battle fronts. If *that* were the only thing I had in mind, it is conceivable that the war might last another year—or even longer; although the loss of *moral* (a most important factor) on the part of the enemy, in face of our sustained and relentless offensive, might easily bring about a collapse at any time. Nor will I make more than passing reference to the fact that Germany, whatever her native resources, *must* be running short of gold, without which she can buy nothing—even from Holland! So long as a nation at war can produce its own food, and munitions, and clothing and equipment, its people can live on a paper currency; but the moment outside purchases have to be made, and there are no exports to balance them, gold becomes the determining factor in deciding the period of endurance. And America, Holland, Sweden and Switzerland are, between them, making a big hole in Germany's gold reserve—which, by the way, she was allowed to accumulate, under our very eyes, during the year preceding the war. Still, let that pass. I will come to an aspect of the matter which is too frequently overlooked—the wastage of man-power. Have you any idea of what that wastage is? Do you ever stop to calculate what are the total casualties of this war? I think the figures I am about to give will rather startle you; but you may rely upon their accuracy—whatever the Westminster or Whitehall Wiseacres may tell you. Never mind how I get them. *That's* my affair—I get them.

Wastage of Man-Power.

I start by reminding you that up to the present the total casualties of the war amount to nearly fifteen million human beings. Keep that figure in mind. Next, reflect that Britain alone is losing five thousand men a day—in killed and wounded. You *can* check that, if you wish to do so, by a reference to the lists published in the *Times*. France is losing *at least* ten thousand daily; Italy, two thousand—and Russia, fifteen thousand; whilst Roumania and Serbia's daily contribution to the ghastly total cannot be less than a thousand. Add those figures together, and you get a daily wastage of man power on the part of the Allies alone of no less than thirty-three thousand—*or at the rate of twelve millions a year.* Now turn to the enemy—fighting, for the most part, in solid formation and being mown down like grass. Germany's daily casualties are fifteen thousand; Austria's, seven thousand; Turkey's, ten thousand; and Bulgaria's, a thousand—giving the same total, strangely enough, as that of the Allies, *i.e.*, thirty-three thousand a day, *or twelve millions a year* or a grand total for both sides of *twenty-four million casualties a year.* So that assuming the war to last another year, and adding the present total of fifteen millions, you get no less than 39,000,000! And how, pray, are you going to replenish such a drain on anything like equal terms as between the two belligerents? Take their respective populations—Britain, France, Russia, Italy, Roumania and Japan—and omitting for the moment all the coloured peoples—we have approximately 400,000,000 to 150,000,000, or a preponderance of material to draw upon of nearly three to one. So just sit down quietly and think *that* aspect of the matter out; and you will see that our advantage increases in geometrical progression every hour the war continues. And then think of our four hundred million "blacks"!

The Kaiser's Feeler.

Can you wonder that the Kaiser is feeling his way for peace? And I will tell you what he is now suggesting. It is that he should at once withdraw his armies from France and Belgium, across the Rhine—and that, thereupon, there should be an armistice on *all the fronts*, whilst the terms of a Peace Treaty are being discussed. At first sight, you may say the idea is worth considering. You will reflect, perhaps, that even if the Peace negotiations broke down, we should resume hostilities with the enemy practically driven back into his own country, and with Northern France and Flanders and Belgium free from the Hun—a condition of things which, if the war goes on, it would probably take hundreds of thousands of lives to accomplish. Dear, simple reader! Do you remember the old proverb—"Beware of the Greeks when they bring you presents"? *Beware of the Kaiser when he talks of Peace*—unless he lays down his arms and sues for mercy! Do you really imagine, for one moment, that he has any intention of making the Allies a present of such an advantage as I have just mentioned? Devil a bit of it! He is as cunning as Old Nick himself; and having fooled us so often before the war, he thinks he can go on doing it with impunity. But our eyes are open at last—I mean our official eyes; and it shall not be my fault if you are not made to see the sinister plot behind this move. I must begin by recalling to your recollection something which I am sure you have forgotten—if, indeed, you ever realised it. And that is that not only did Germany violate Luxemburg and Belgium in her mad rush towards Paris—*but that she went through a portion of Holland*

M THE KAISER. - - Britain's Only Peace Terms.

EDITOR.

as well. Surprised, are you? Well, look at the map, and observe that little slip of Holland on the German frontier where stands the town of Maestricht. *That* is where the foul feet of the Huns tramped *en route* to the French capital! I won't pause to inquire whether their invasion could have been resisted, as it was by the brave Belgians. Suffice it to say, it was not.

A Sinister Scheme.

But, as I say, we will let all that go. Let the dead past bury its dead—what a ghastly aptness there is in those words! I am concerned with the future—and now I will tell you what the idea of the Kaiser is. He knows that *in any event* he has to retreat to the Rhine; and he wants to do so, under cover of an armistice, *the same way as he went*—knowing full well that he will never be permitted to again march through Holland; and knowing, too, that with that outlet cut off, his retreat will be seriously imperilled. There you have the whole thing in a nutshell—and I hope the Government will take note of it; we must not fall into any more traps. Nothing would suit Germany better just now than to be allowed, without molestation, to get back over the Rhine and, during the armistice, quietly to strengthen her home defences. But her only way to the Rhine must be in front of our bayonets and guns, and through Belgium and Belgium alone. I have already had a few "plain words" to say to Holland; and to-day I want to say something else. And it is this: whatever were the circumstances which led her to allow German troops to go through Maestricht in August, 1914, she must not, and shall not, permit them to return. And it is the duty of the Government, without a moment's delay, to demand, and to obtain, definite guarantees to that effect. Our Minister at The Hague should be instructed to present a Note to the Dutch Government, asking for a definite undertaking to resist any further encroachment upon its soil, and promising our support; and, on the other hand, making it quite clear that, failing such an undertaking, or in the event of its violation, a state of war would at once arise between us. And, whilst the Note was being considered, that little fleet which recently anchored off the Piræus might usefully hover round the open coast of Holland. I have, personally, always felt that from the day Germany violated the neutrality of Luxemburg and Belgium we were released from any obligation to respect the integrity of Holland—and we ought at once to have marched our troops through to Antwerp.

Our Only Terms.

Let us not hesitate, therefore, to give a short and sharp reply to the Kaiser's overtures. That reply should be: "If you wish to discuss peace, there is one indispensable preliminary—*unconditional surrender.* Failing that, get on with the war—to Paris and London, or to Vienna, Constantinople and Berlin." I am not sure that I would, at this stage, give any indication of the terms which would be acceptable to the Allies; although if doing so would facilitate the cessation of hostilities, I see no insuperable objection to indicating the main conditions. And here they are: first, the complete dismemberment of the German Empire—its re-division into separate States, each under the control of a Governor to be nominated by the Allies and not a Hohenzollern amongst them); with a War Indemnity charged upon its revenue; and no army or fleet. How is that by way of a start? Austria and Hungary mus become separate kingdoms again, and Bohemia and Poland must be liberated from Teutonic control. Turkey must be wiped off the map of Europe, and the Balkan States must be remodelled according to a plan to be decided by the Allies. Heligoland must come back to Britain, and the Kiel Canal must be denationalised, and all the German Colonies must be divided between the Allies as they may decide. Trieste and the Trentino must go back to Italy, and Alsace and Lorraine, and perhaps Strasburg as well, must be restored to France. Belgium, of course, must be rebuilt and compensated at the expense of Germany; and the German Navy must be split up among Britain and her Allies—unless, indeed, we make it the nucleus of an International Fleet for the policing of the Seven Seas. And until the last penny of the Indemnity is paid, there must be an Allied Army of Occupation in the various German and Austrian States. *That* is the way to talk to the Kaiser. But will the politicians have the pluck to do it? Are they strong enough to resist the powerful influences now at work to bring about a premature and patched-up peace? I confess I am apprehensive.

A No-Peace League.

What about a No-Peace League? Of course, I mean a No *Premature* Peace League; but that is understood. It should be formed at once—every member pledging himself, or herself, to oppose any settlement which falls short of the conditions I have set out above, and every elector to vote against any Parliamentary candidate who is willing to agree to anything less. Always bear in mind that just as war may be declared, so may peace—without the assent even of Parliament; and be on your guard lest one day you find that behind your backs we have been committed to some patched-up Treaty which will leave your children and your children's children liable to tragedy as great or even greater than that we are witnessing to-day. And one thing more. Remember our compact with the boys at the Front—aye, and with those who will never return. I feel very oppressed with a great sense of responsibility in this matter. I was the means of sending thousands of men to the Colours in the old recruiting days—on the faith of the pledge that we at home would never betray them. And the thought that, after all their sacrifice and suffering, we may yet do so haunts me—fills me with terror; and I vow, before God, that so long as I have breath within me, I will consecrate my life to the redemption of that solemn pledge.

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Ze smoke that all ze Tommies buy.
It is ze dam good cigarette,
Its name, alas! I do forget."
No shopman fails to understand
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20 for 7½d.
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has a hard job. And he doesn't get too great a variety of food. Won't you send him a large tin of

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It's a deliciously refreshing drink, and its valuable saline and aperient properties are just what he wants to keep him fit, ready for action if the enemy will only give him a chance. There is nothing so good for him—nothing he'll enjoy so much. A large tin costs only 1/-; isn't he worth it? Don't forget—call at your grocer's on the way home, and get a tin for yourself

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Please mention *John Bull* when writing for lists.

CARELESS REPORTERS.

DECISIONS OF TWO MILITARY TRIBUNALS.

In a recent issue of the *Southwark and Bermondsey Recorder*, it was stated that the local Tribunal "had adopted a resolution that the Government should release interned German bread bakers to firms or individuals who require them, on licence, at a nominal wage," and upon the strength of this amazing announcement—confirmed, as it was, by a paragraph in the *Daily Chronicle*—we promptly addressed a "Candid Communication" to the Home Secretary, strongly urging him to have nothing to do with such a mischievous proposal. In this, as it now appears, we were less than fair to the Bermondsey Tribunal, and we are indebted to the Mayor of Bermondsey, Mr. Joseph H. Hart, J.P., for a clearer understanding of the situation. His Worship forwards us a copy of a resolution actually passed by the Tribunal in quite a different sense. We are sorry to have been misled in the matter, and our apologies go to the Bermondsey Tribunal; as also to the Chairman of the Newcastle Tribunal, who seems likewise to have been the victim of inaccurate reporting. Having criticised this gentleman's statement—as, again, printed in the *Daily Chronicle*—that the Organising Secretary of the Northumberland, Durham and Cleveland District of the Independent Labour Party was at present engaged upon "work of national importance," we are courteously informed that nothing of the sort was ever said, or intended. So much the better; and although, as we say, we are sorry to have placed unwarranted reliance upon the statements of our contemporaries, we are sure that our friends in Bermondsey and Newcastle will not doubt the fairness of our intentions.

AN UNPATRIOTIC APPEAL.

NEW MOVE BY PACIFIST CLIQUE.

Says an impudent circular from a Committee of peace-cranks, headed by Clifford Allen, inviting contributions towards the support of "The Dependents of Conscientious Objectors":—

> Under the new Military Service Act, we are bound to assume that large numbers of married men will not receive from the Tribunals the exemption to which they are entitled, and will choose imprisonment in preference to service under the Military Service Act. These men will receive no pay and their families no separation allowances. Therefore, their wives and children will suffer great hardship unless friends will come to their assistance.

Among the signatories to the circular are Mrs. Philip Snowden, the Rev. W. E. Orchard, of King's Weigh House—whom we should prefer to see in better company—and Mr. F. W. Jowett, M.P., while the fact that "cheques, postal orders, and money orders should be made payable to Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P.," is sufficient to stamp the movement as disloyal in conception and mischievous in its aims. In principle, the scheme is one for subsidising conscientious objectors by removing one of the considerations which might discourage their unmanly evasion of duty.

RACING NOTES.

By "The Squire."

At Newmarket to-day (Wednesday) I expect Atheling and Hurry On to fight out a strenuous battle for the September Stakes. There should be little in it, but my opinion inclines to Atheling. The Chesterton Nursery should be won by Whitewash; the Autumn Stakes by War Star; and the Flying Sweepstake by King's Prize. On Thursday Mount William for the Lakenheath Handicap; Bosket for the Culford Handicap; Whitewash (if kept for this) for the Barton Mills Nursery, and Grave Knight for the Hadleigh Nursery look the best things. On Friday The Speaker should win the Witchford Selling Plate; Eos the Bury St. Edmunds Handicap; Knutsford the York T.Y.O. Stakes, and Analogy the Caxton Selling Plate.

The *Special*, containing full selections for the meeting, is now on sale. It will not be published again until Tuesday, October 3rd, on which date the first October meeting commences. Orders for th t issue should be sent to Messrs. Odhams Ltd., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.—price 6d.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of John Bull bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published in the following issue.

To each of the holders of copies of John Bull *of specified date*, bearing on the cover any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

J. H. LOWE, "Sunnyville," Dronsfield Road, Fleetwood. August 26th. 424,601.

W. D. LEYBOURNE, 339, St. George's Road, Coventry. August 19th. 314,526.

ETHEL GIBBS, c/o Mrs. Longley, 42, Wheeler Street, Maidstone. August 19th. A107,627.

W. JAMES, 39, Jenkinson Street, Sheffield. August 26th. 383,466.

J. YOUNG, 606, Dalmarnock Road, Glasgow. August 12th. 748,277.

L. KENT, Hugh Street, Ongar. August 12th.

A. BLUNDELL, Mappleboro' Green, Redditch. August 12th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of September 9th:—

006,109	205,395	481,469	783,837	A068,099
024,156	243,092	517,452	824,386	A098,703
073,275	290,783	533,303	842,273	A144,193
092,501	328,946	574,973	893,754	A176,994
097,839	352,484	611,004	925,531	A189,071
130,524	383,423	634,671	955,638	A222,333
166,934	420,781	691,802	976,720	A295,201
168,193	431,002	720,056	991,459	A301,709
168,537	457,313	777,334	A001,538	A380,449
173,154	459,763	780,295	A033,215	A397,654

The A prefixed indicates that it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Sept. 20th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for September 9th, 1916 bearing on the Covers the Numbers 374,298 and A046,724. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

The chewing gum habit is growing amongst the lads in the trenches, where it was probably introduced by the Canadians. Munition workers are following suit, and we understand from Wrigley's, the "Spearmint" people, that it is gradually spreading all over the country. In these days of economy, we suppose it is cheaper to chew than to smoke!

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3. Air Service.
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Membership cards can be obtained from the General Secretary (Dr. Arthur Turnbull) or the Acting Secretary (Miss Bright), at the new office address, 47, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.

The subscription, 1s., is quite voluntary, and cannot be spent except on the vote of the individual members. Dr. Turnbull, recognising that one Lady Worker is worth ten men, requests the women of England to fight the movement through to success.

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"Gassed" at Ypres.

After-effects relieved by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Pte. Riordan.

Private Riordan, 7664, of the A Company, 3rd Bedfordshire Regiment, writes: "I was in the retirement from Mons, and was subsequently put out of action by a gas attack at Ypres. After being in hospital in France and in England I was discharged, and got on for a little while, but soon fell back again into the old condition of suffering. I had great pains in my stomach and head, and when these attacks were on they always took the use of my legs away. I was unable to hold up at all, and could not sleep at night for the swimming in my head. Sometimes I could not retain food. I had an attack once while at home, and my wife asked me to try Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I am still taking them, and they are doing me a world of good. Indeed, I have steadily got back to my old self again."

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The 2nd. Year

If you haven't bought a copy of "JOHN BULL'S Diary of the Second Year of the War," you should get one *To-day*. It is the most simple, concise and accurate—as well as the most handy and convenient – History of the War possible to obtain.

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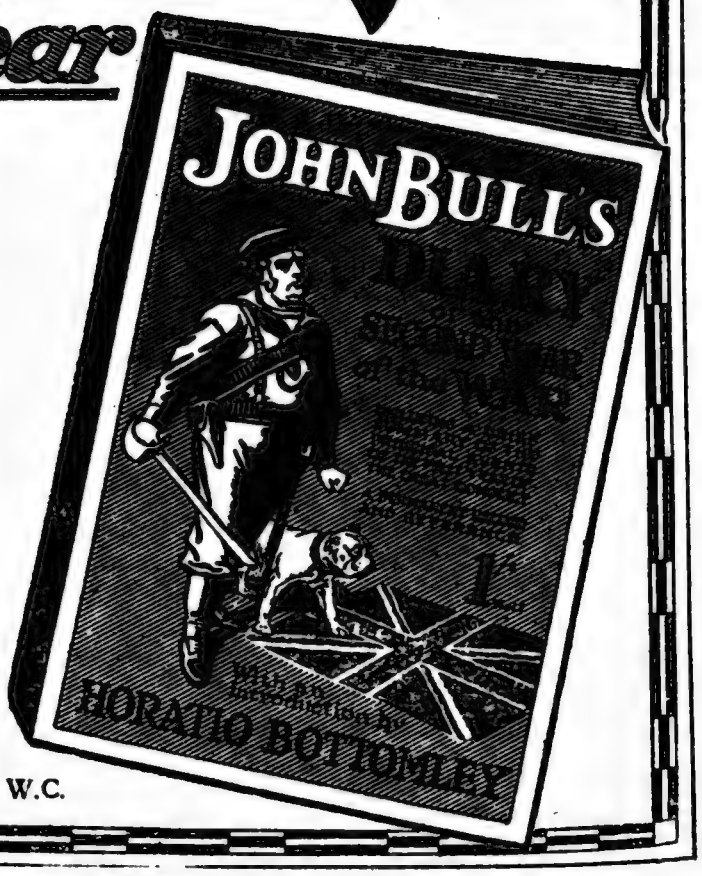

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RAMSAY ROUTED.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE MORAY GOLF CLUB.

"Ramsay und Macdonald," as the Hun calls him—they cannot believe that one man can hold so much pro-German sentiment—has at last been routed from the Moray Golf Club. All honour to those who turned him out! Golf is a great game; those who play it are sportsmen, and "Ramsay und Macdonald" knows nothing of sportsmanship. Well, he has been "outed." But the manner of his expulsion has yet to be revealed. We were privileged to peep behind the scenes of that private meeting when, by 73 votes to 24, "Limelight Jimmy" got the push. It took some doing. Local Panjandrums with long purses and short tempers bow-wowed about legal proceedings, and solemn asses wagged ignorant approval. But the Managers of the Club were neither to be terrorised nor cajoled. They knew their duty not only to their Club but their country. What is more, they asserted the inherent right of any gathering of Britishers to tell a pro-German that they preferred his room to his company. Doubtless we shall be told that the aristocratic and the wealthy executed vengeance on the humble and the weak. Don't believe it. This was no political move; it was a patriotic assertion of the right to associate with patriots. If the capitalist was in evidence, he was on the side of "Ramsay und Macdonald." His chief backers were a Radical spirit merchant from Elgin and a successful Radical baker of Edinburgh. How are the mighty fallen! Mr. John E. Sutherland, the Liberal M.P. for the Elgin Burghs, was pressed into the service. We are sorry for him, and we may have occasion to extend to him even more sympathy after his constituents have had their say. He is a personal friend of "Ramsay und Macdonald"; and much may be forgiven in friendship's name—however strongly the old saw may assert that a man is known by the company he keeps. But that letter from Dr. John S. Fairbairn, written from London, took the cake. According to this gentleman, the man who has slandered Viscount Grey and bespattered his own countrymen with the mud of his rhetoric has simply used "the ordinary stock-in-trade arguments of the Pacificists." Then God help the Pacificists! This epistolary advocate, having a bad case, proceeds to abuse the other side—the right thinking and patriotic members of the Club. Listen to this: "Doubtless the signatories"—that is, the 30 who requisitioned the meeting—"would not have objected to intemperance in the Club-house, although they object to intemperance in speeches delivered hundreds of miles away." That is the kind of insult which one might expect from a supporter of "Ramsay und Macdonald." Yet this Dr. Fairbairn chose to describe as "mean and petty" the movement for the expulsion of the Egregious One. This spiteful prig should remember that old Scotch adage, "He that hath riven breeks, let him sit still." By the way, we observe that "Who's Who" announces that "Ramsay und Macdonald's" recreations are "golf and walking." Now he has to "walk."

In "Limelight Jimmy's" case discern
A lesson Brother Boche may learn;
Don't put your fingers to your nose
Unless you understand your foes;
Don't, when you lean to gestures rude,
Begin 'em—till you're through the wood;
For advertisers such as you—
Who use the pages of "Who's Who,"
To tell us Leicester's chosen man
Is golfer and pedestrian—
May one day find, to his surprise,
Time for the latter exercise,
When, sick of frothy platform talk,
Long suffering Leicester bids him—walk!

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This is the actual Tunic and Shield worn by Captain Kinred referred to above.

Extract from "Daily Mirror," August 22nd:—

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FOR SORE TIRED FEET, CORNS AND ALL FOOT TROUBLES.

WHAT SOLDIERS DO WHEN FEET ACHE, BURN, SMART AND PERSPIRE.

Many readers of John Bull may be interested to know how I permanently cured the extremely painful foot troubles resulting from my first few days of route marching. After numerous powders and ointments had only increased the torture I consulted my medical man, and he explained that corns, callouses, bunions and blisters are simply indications of injured tissues, but that there is really no need of enduring any form of foot misery a single moment. They can all be instantly relieved and permanently cured by simply resting the feet for about ten minutes in a warm foot-bath containing a tablespoonful of ordinary Reudel Bath Saltrates. This softens even the worst corns so they come out root and all at the first touch, and all calloused places, soreness and aching will quickly disappear. The feet being the farthest point from the heart to which the blood must be forced, foot troubles are often due to shoe pressure and defective circulation in these extremities. By treating the feet as above directed, you will stimulate the blood circulation, clear out sebaceous matter from the clogged pores, render the skin active, healthy and free from offensive odour or injurious effects of acid perspiration, and thus banish foot troubles for all time. All chemists keep Reudel Bath Saltrates ready put up in convenient packets, one of which will prove more than sufficient to permanently end all foot misery. A friend to whom I mentioned these saltrates even tried the treatment for chronic gout and rheumatism with astonishingly good results. Try it after coming in footsore from a long walk. You will feel like dancing with joy, and your newest, tightest boots feel like the oldest pair you have.—H.G.C. [Advt.

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ALLSOPP'S

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

LIEUT. W. L. ROBINSON, V.C.

Goo' evenin', sir. . . *'Air cuttin'?* Yessir. Seen yore face before, I think, sir . . . *Never bin 'ere before?* Then I must 'ave seen a face like yores in the papers . . . *I've* got it, sir—you're like that young chap Robinson wot brought down the Zepp. t'other night . . . Wot, *you are 'im?* Blimy, sir, then I'm a proud man to 'ave you in my 'ands. Ennythink I can do fur you is as good as done, sir.—shavin' shampooin', friction, *enny*think in my line, an' no charge. Blimy, sir, I'd cut yer corns an' manicure yore 'ands fur nix if the King of England was waitin' on the step fur a beard trimmin' with 'is 'ands full o' suv'rins an' the Order o' the Garter to pin on me chest! . . . *Makin' a fuss?* No, I ain't, sir—not more'n I'm intitled to. 'Ow do I know?—p'raps you saved me life that night, an' the life of me wife an' kids. 'Ow do we know wot the beastly 'Uns would 'ave done if you 'adn't 'ave brought 'em down? . . . Oh, I daresay you *'ave* nearly fergot it by now. You do a deed wot the 'ole world garsps about, an' think nuthink of it. But *I* ain't fergot, nor the missus neither. But wot made me chew the rag a bit was the suggeschun to give the 'Uns a military funeral. Fency givin' baby killers, the cowardly cusses, the honours wot on'y brave men are intitled to! Jew know wot *I* would 'ave done with their dirty corpses? I'd 'ave shoved 'em in a dust destructor an' made clinker of 'em. An' if I could 'ave bought a few penn'orth o' the clinker wot they made, I'd 'ave paved the parth to the back yard with it, an' trod on the cowardly 'ounds every time I wanted to go there. They ain't men, sir. There ain't no room for sentiment in this. They put the fear of death into women an' children's 'earts wot ain't never done 'em no 'arm. A pal o' mine was in the Eastern Counties w'en them Zepps. come over, an' he tol' me the women in them quiet Norfolk towns got up w'en they 'eard the bombs droppin', and took their children in the cellars, keepin' 'em there all night in the cold an' dark. The cursed, cowardly 'ounds! Fency givin' tripe like them a military funeral! That's incouragin' 'em to come again. They say to theirselves, "Well, we can see wot the English think of us. W'en they do us in they treat us like 'eroes, although in our 'earts we know we're on'y common murderers. We'll 'ave another trip!" An' they come again, sir. But there you are, sir; the authorities 'ave got some queer ideas . . . No, sir, I won't take a bloomin' stiver orf you. Come again, sir! This is a free house as long as you like. Goo' day, sir! Goo' day!

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

SERGEANT'S "SHOP."

1st Sergeant: Well, I must say I'm getting first-class work out of my men. They are B1 Derby recruits, mainly, and most of them well over 30, and married, so you can't expect them to jump to it. They take their work more seriously than the younger chaps do, and what they learn they remember.

2nd Sergeant: Welk, you're lucky, that's all I can say. The chaps in my platoon are nearly all of about the same age and class as yours, but I never struck a more dunder-headed mob in all me natural. It doesn't matter a damn how much I curse and swear at them; they will *not* get a move on them.

1st Sergeant: When I was first given a squad of middle-aged Derby recruits I made the same mistake. The more I blackguarded them, the slacker they worked. Some of my crowd are men of position and account in civil life—educated, too. Why, I dare say half my platoon have had better educations than I had, and earn a damned sight more money in civil life. They don't object to discipline so long as they can see good reasons for it. But what sticks in the gizzard of some of them, who perhaps earn their ten to fifteen quid a week in their own business, is having to salute some young chap when they take their pay. It hurts some when they have to bring their hand to their cap for three and a tanner—an amount they probably spent in a day in smokes before the war.

2nd Sergeant: That's all very well, but the Army is the Army, and when a man's in it he's gotter knuckle under, no matter what he was before.

1st Sergeant: I don't agree with you. I'll admit a recruit must do his duty when once he's in khaki; but if you want to get the best work out of men, you must study the character of each one separately and act according.

2nd Sergeant: I don't hold with favouritism.

1st Sergeant: I don't *mean* favouritism. But you've got to treat a man of brains different to a man of just ordinary intelligence. I heard our Sergeant-Major tell a squad of middle-aged men of the world the other day that the credit of the regiment depended on how they gave the salute. They didn't say anything, but I saw them smile and I know they were thinking of the Colonial troops who've done such thundering good work at the front, notwithstanding their slack saluting. You let a man retain his self-respect, and you'll get the best work out of him. That's the plan I work on, and I'll back my platoon against any squad under a bullying sergeant.

[*Left arguing.*]

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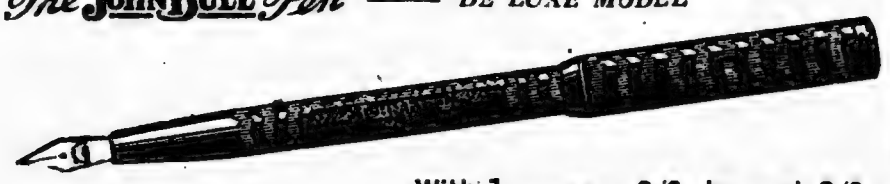

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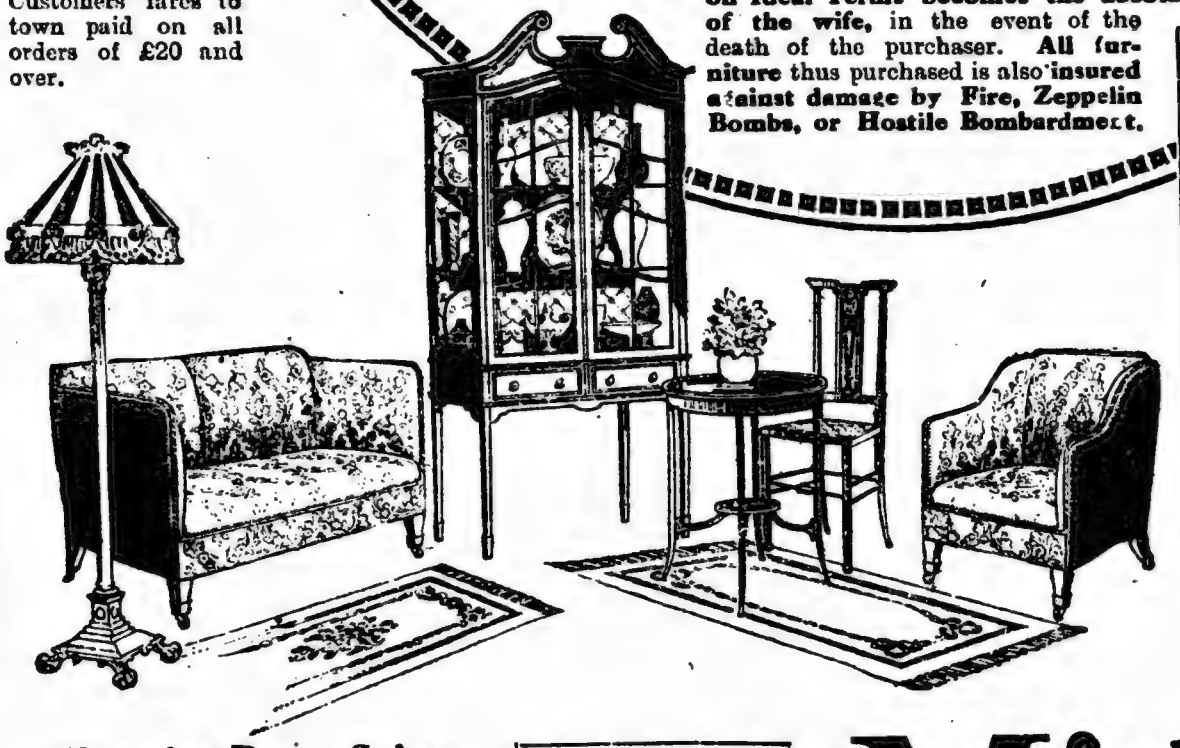

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TOMMY'S AND JACK'S PAGE.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

Too Funny for Words.

Circulars are being sent around to soldiers' wives asking them if they can do with a little less separation allowance. We wonder in how many cases the answer is in the affirmative!

The Burial Fee.

We have pointed out that when a British soldier is killed on the field a charge of 4s. 6d. is made for the blanket that he is buried in. Some Canadians in France who read our paragraph tell us that 20s. is deducted for the blanket in their case. Shame!

A Man Who Risked Gaol.

The other day Felixstowe was regaled by the sight of a broken-down man in uniform, who wore sandwich boards bearing the following:—"NOTICE. Although I am a hopeless wreck they still keep me in the Army." The daring remnant of a man was picked up and taken away for punishment.

A Tip for the War Office.

It took the War Department eighty years to find out that the Long Service ribbon was the same as that for the V.C.—with the result that the former has been altered by the addition of two white stripes. We would now point out that the C.B. ribbon is identical with that of the Cross. We make no charge for the information.

A Strange Distinction.

The soldier who has won a Royal Humane Society's medal may pin it on the right side of his jacket, and he is justly proud of it. The Society for the Protection of Life from Fire issue quite as valuable a medal; but if the winner is a soldier he is not allowed to wear it. We cannot make out why this should be so.

The Wife's Allowance.

Delays occur in the issue of separation allowance, due mainly to the negligence of Recruiting Officers; but there is no legitimate reason why the woman should be without money in the meantime. She has but to look up the local Secretary of the Statutory Pensions Committee, whose name she will obtain at the Town Hall or Post Office. He will look after her case until matters are adjusted.

The London Area Money.

We do not agree with the Regulation concerning the 3s. 6d. a week London allowance, which provides that if a woman leaves the Metropolis temporarily for health or other reasons, the extra money must be permanently cut off. Neither do we see why the wives of London soldiers who were called back from India and elsewhere should not be granted the allowance. The numerous soldiers' wives entitled to the bonus who contemplate going to the hop-fields should bear in mind this aspect of the matter.

Where are the Police?

We want a Commission to sit now, and not at the end of the war, to look into the financial treatment of the soldier. We are amazed by the hundreds of cases placed before us of men who are told they are in debt when they know they are well in credit. There are also many men who fall in the field, having drawn little of their pay during perhaps the last year. When their friends get the regulation notification of death, it is accompanied by an order for a shilling or two—that being all the money alleged to be due to the poor fellows. Quartermasters, Pay Sergeants, and others throughout the Service must be making a good thing out of this scandalous state of affairs.

Strafing JOHN BULL.

The other day a company was paraded for a lecture on discipline. The main—almost the only—point that the lecture hung upon was that no man should write to JOHN BULL. In another camp, where we got leave for men to whom it had been denied, we came in for a similar wordy bombardment, and notices were posted warning the men against us. We thank the authorities concerned for the implied compliment.

How to Make Invalids.

Overcrowding in civilian houses gets the attention of the local authorities and the magistrates. In camp after camp we find as many as fourteen men herded in tents designed for nine, sometimes without floor-boards or waterproof sheets. It often happens that the soldiers sleep in damp blankets and the rain percolates through the canvas of the tents. This means work for the doctors in the weeding out of those rendered unfit by rheumatism, pneumonia, and other ailments.

"For Auld Lang Syne."

When a draft leaves for the front it usually gets a royal send-off, the band playing 'Auld Lang Syne." Who was the martinet at Killinghall Camp, Yorkshire, who, the other day, when about 200 men of a certain regiment were leaving England probably to meet their death, issued the most stringent Camp Order we have ever read? All bars in the sergeants' messes and all the canteens in the brigade were ordered to be closed from 1 p.m. until the draft had left at 6.30, and the men were forbidden to use the canteens of other units. All soldiers were confined to camp, and a stiff and starchy Order compelled the men to march as though they were at a ceremonial exercise.

An Insulting Order.

"No smoking, singing or cheering is to be allowed, nor are the men to break the ranks. Men are to be warned of these orders, and any man disobeying them is to be placed under arrest. A crime is to be made out, for disposal on arrival at destination." The draft was sent away under "red-cap" police escort, as fine an insult as could be offered to any regiment, though the one in question has a splendid record in this war. Fancy punishing a British Tommy for showing his eagerness to be at the front by whistling, say "Tipperary"! The fellow who issued this Order should be kicked out of the Service, as being one who is evidently temperamentally unfit to command troops, and who is out to break the spirits of good men.

Soldier and Sailor Too.

The Anzacs are kept in the limelight and the County Regiments get less than their share of publicity. We are often asked what the Royal Marines are doing. The answer is that they are doing their duty as well and as willingly as they always have done it. When the history of the war is written Joe, will come in for his share of praise.

The Royal Naval Division.

We were recently given to understand that all the R.N.D. men who were at the landing at Gallipoli, and afterwards did good work before being sent to France, had been granted leave. We regret to learn that only about 5 per cent. of the men got the furlough, and should like to know when the remainder will be similarly privileged.

For the Admiralty.

In some minor respects the Army is rotten. In many directions the Admiralty does things better than the War Office, but there is much in the Senior Service that leaves room for improvement. Men who finished their 22 years for pension when the war started receive their pensions in addition to their Service pay, but those who completed their time for pension since the war broke out are left without their Country's bounty, and will probably not receive it until the war is ended. Why? We should also like to know why re-engaged soldiers should receive a handsome gratuity while Jack is left out in the cold.

The Convalescent Sailor.

We cannot make out why the convalescent sailors in Chatham and other stations, when they stroll out to take the air of the public gardens, are accompanied by escorts. The bluejacket is a splendid chap, who is amenable to discipline, having the honour of his Service at heart, and he should be trusted. We see numerous soldier patients strolling about alone, properly trusted by their superiors. We want the same confidence extended to the Navy.

Another Bluejacket's Complaint.

From all parts of our coasts we have complaints that Naval store-ships keep only a limited line of foodstuffs, and what they do not supply the sailor has to obtain ashore. That is a complaint in itself. But a greater complaint is made. On some of the store-ships food has been raised in price against the sailor three times since last October where the trawler sections are concerned, whereas in the messes of the same store-ships prices have remained stationary. This should not be so, and we look for an early improvement.

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following:

L.-Cpl. J. E. Dando, 1985, B Coy., Queen's Westminsters; Pte. H. Cutler, 2790, A Coy., Royal Warwicks; Pte. J. J. W. Ambrose, 10869, A Coy., Gloucester Regt.; Pte. T. D. Davies, 2622, A Coy., Gloucester Regt.; Pte. A. H. Burke, 24065, W Coy., Gloster Regt.; Pte. E. Pearce, 11166, D Coy., Duke of Wellington's Regt.; Pte. W. Geddes, 4785, London Regt.; Rfm. J. Kirby, 1818, A Coy., R.F., transferred to Rangers; L.-Cpl. Syd. H. Dunning, 18895, B Coy., L.N.L. Regt.; Pte. J. R. Burton, 21108, B Coy., Worcester Regt.; 19776 Pte. J. H. Parker, Hd.-Qrs. Coy., Worcs; Pte. G. Kent, 13964, M.G.S., Yorkshire Regt.; Pte. E. S. Fletcher, B Coy., Queen's R. West Surrey Regt.; Pte. Luxton, 6251, Royal Warwick Regt.; 2nd Lieut. C. G. Wyld, Yorkshire Regt.; Pte. A. Moth, G.26292, D Coy., Royal Fusiliers; Pte. O. L. Johns, 5303, Bucks Regt.; Sig. Pte. G. W. Leach, G.4344, Z Coy., R.F.; Cpl. V. Drake, 20757, A Coy., Wilts Regt.; Pte. T. P. Jackson, 163, A Coy., Royal Warwick Regt.; Pte. T. Guy, 270, B Coy., 27 S.B.N.F.; Pte. F. Vickers, 11171, A Coy., K.O.Y.L.I.; Cpl. H. Silverstone, 2743, A Coy., Essex Regt.; Pte. W. J. Lewis, 5539, L.M.G.S., C Coy., R. Warwick Regt.; Pte. R. W. Clements, 12414, R. Warwickshire Regt.; Sgt. A. C. Ware, 14771, — Dorset Regt.; Pte. F. Howard, 16692, East Lancs Regt.; Pte. T. Hamill, 19531, A Coy., Royal Irish Rifles; Pte. A. Dick, 10695, Lancs Fusiliers; L.-Cpl. W. Oliver, 18846 — O. and Bucks L.I., Poona Division; Rfm. E. F. Barton, 2599, A Coy., London Rifle Brigade; L.-Cpl. E. Bain, 10122, Gordon Hdrs.; Pte. J. Donaldson, 24036, A Coy., Royal Scots Fusiliers; Pte. J. Swindell, 23055, Notts and Derby Regt.; Pte. W. Hollands, 1001, B Coy., Northd. Fus.; Capt. F. N. Hawkins, Manchesters.

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The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

We have a high admiration for the Union Jack Club, but we regret the regulation that bars the soldier who has just changed into civilian clothing from obtaining a bed and a meal there. Some months ago we commented upon the thefts in the Club, and are glad to know that since we took an interest in the matter the property of the casual visitors has been protected. We regret that we have occasionally to give help to maimed men who are refused shelter at the Club, and are certain that the patrons who put down money for the institution never desired that our wounded, turned out of the Service, should be sent away from its doors.

We would also advise the management of the Y.M.C.A. shelter at Waterloo to safeguard the ex-soldiers whom they take in as guests. No man appears to be safe in the institution, and we have had many complaints of robberies. In the latest case the victim had his pockets rifled and his discharge papers, money and other valuables disappeared—even his boots being stolen. Like so many others, he came to us and we helped him on the road.

A woman gave her four sons to the Army. All the boys have been killed, leaving the poor creature alone. We have been pleased to help materially in this case, which is one of the most touching in our experience. We are glad to appeal for additional help, which should be sent to Mr. C. W. Pollard, Hon. Secretary of the Shallis Roll of Honour Fund, Felix Villa, St. Mary's Road, Harlesden, N.W.

A man obtained leave to visit a sick wife and child. His father-in-law, who is living with the family, died, and there was no money to bury him until we were appealed to.

The old tale—a man discharged without pension, having broken down under the severity of his training, one of the hardships being a damp tent and damper blankets to sleep in. He is crippled and cannot obtain work, and was destitute until he came to Long Acre.

The wife of one of our men fell ill and had to undergo an operation for appendicitis. Her separation allowance is 12s. 6d. a week, and it can be imagined that she had good excuse for falling into debt, after having paid her doctor's and other bills. We took the case in hand.

His age was 54, but the Recruiting Officer took him on as 48. The old boy went to France, and did good work right up at the front. But although the spirit was willing, the flesh was weak, and he was laid up with severe rheumatism. He has to support himself and Joan on a pension of 4s. 8d. a week, and cannot work. We naturally helped.

A man was passed by a military doctor as fit for general service. A civilian medical man would have told him that he was delicate. He underwent training in the course of which he fell out time after time; but, like so many other sufferers in the Army, he was merely given "medicine and duty" by the doctor, that officer, like most of his class, looking on a man who falls sick as a malingerer and treating him accordingly. In this case the poor fellow was sent back to civil life, quite unable to work for a long time to come. He has a wife and seven children who must be kept, and we made it possible for him to do so for some time.

A man employed on a mine sweeper—the most dangerous service possible—was incapacitated by rheumatism due to exposure. He was discharged with no pension or allowance. He is lying in bed, and has a wife and two children to support. We have given him a hand.

Discharged from the Army after having served in France, an ex-soldier was given the hope of a pension. A little money was sent to him weekly while the Chelsea Commissioners were making up their minds, but ultimately the fateful letter came telling him that his claim was disallowed. He is a sufferer from rheumatism, lumbago and chronic asthma, and cannot leave his room. We did our best for him.

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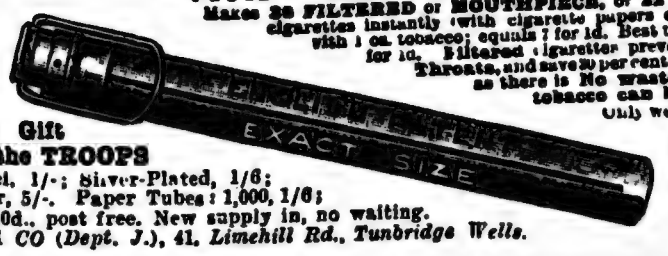

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[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

"MUNITION WORKER" (Poplar) and MANY OTHERS.—We believe in reprisals for air raids. Every visit here should be followed by two on German towns. Charlottenburg made them squeal once, and they should squeal again till they have learned their lesson.

"MARINO" (Gosport).—Certainly peace terms can be dictated at the sword's point by victors in occupation of a conquered country. When we are in that position we can go ahead on the lines indicated.

"A CONSTANT READER" (Herne Hill).—Agree with you that the money subscribed for a memorial to Lord Kitchener could not very well be better employed than in providing hospitals for our wounded soldiers.

C. P. H. (H.M.S. ———).—If, on seeing your cap ribbon, "H.M.S. *Victory*," the local parson remarked, "I don't think there is much victory attached to it," he was a pessimist, as he did not regard the ribbon as a "Band of Hope."

C. H. (Belmont).—"Is it right to put rich brewers into the House of Lords and the consumers into the workhouse?" In either case the man's hard fate is his own fault.

"ENGLISH AND PROUD OF IT."—The bookseller in Argyle Street, Glasgow, should never have bought picture postcards from Schwerdtfeger and Co., "printed at their works in Berlin." The name is enough, surely, to deter any Britisher from business.

"A DISGUSTED MOTHER" (Southampton).—So there are single men in your town, railway clerks, who say they "cannot be spared." Who is it that cannot spare them?

"AN OLD SOLDIER."—We have always said, Single men first. No doubt some men are sent out with short training, while men with longer training are still burning to go. It is an error of management.

W. N. (Murton).—Afraid the Old Age Pension will not be given to people of 65 just yet, much as we should like to say "yes" for the sake of dear old veterans like yourself and your good lady.

F. J. C. (Chester).—Heine, the German poet, said:—"While John Bull is the coldest friend, he is the surest of neighbours and the most straightforward and generous enemy. While he guards his own castle like a pacha, he never seeks to penetrate into another's." We are no cold friend, and we are too generous as an enemy. The rest is true.

J. A. (Gretna).—That was a smart man who took the sugar out of another man's tea without being detected. Was it before the price went up?

W. R. H. (Brixton).—Bismarck, during the Siege of Paris, threatened to "fry the Parisians in their own fat." Berlin to-day has not enough fat to fry its own face.

A. W. T. (Greenock).—We never laid any odds, at any time, about any finishing date for any war. So that settles your argument.

SAPPER T. P. D. (Aldershot).—Tell you the distance from Warsaw to Berlin? Wait till Russia has measured it.

W. J. R. (H.M.T.——,Cherbourg).—The toast of the boys of the Red Ensign was "just plain JOHN BULL," was it? Our toast is just "The Boys of the Red Ensign!"

L. W. H. S. P. (New York City).—You write like a book. Take it from us that when we have finished with the Hun, he will be so sore all over that he won't know which part hurts most.

H. M. (Canadian Pay Office).—Cannot confirm the rumour of the proposed memorial, but we fancy the only "illuminated address" the Kaiser is likely to receive is the blaze of the Allied guns on all the fronts.

S. H. (Brockley).—"With all this secrecy as to where bombs are dropped, the facts cannot be hidden from the residents in the districts."—Of course not, but the object is to hide the facts from the enemy.

P. S. (Carlisle).—"Since the Liquor Restrictions commenced in Carlisle, the drinking of methylated spirits has grown to a remarkable extent." What's the price of "a small meth"?

D. G. B. (Witham).—You do not agree with our condemnation of the Peace Resolution passed at the Postal Clerks' Conference, which you think justified by the fact that "the clerks have had about enough of the work which the war entails." If this was really the motive behind the resolution, it was about the meanest that can be imagined.

W. A. M. (Mincing Lane, E.C.).—It is not necessarily "a glory" to be of foreign descent, but not all men can be Britishers, and it's a grand thing not to be a German.

A. C. B. (Victoria, B.C.)—Sir Sam Hughes "has made every member of his family, except his mother-in-law, a Major-General." But the Hugheses, you must remember, are a wonderful tribe.

"NEW ZEALANDER" (Chilham).—Commander Wedgwood, when he asked that our coloured men might fight, was in error in including the Maoris, for they have had a contingent on active service from the first few months of the war. The Maoris rank among the finest representatives of the Overseas Forces.

"SINN FEINER" (Tyrone) says we may "expect another bloody rising very soon, to which Easter week will be only children's play." When the S. F.s rise again we trust he will be one of those who fall.

R. C. S. (Rangoon).—The view of the *Rangoon Times* that "Von Tirpitz's son is a prisoner in our hands; why should not his life pay for that of Capt. Fryatt?" is hereby noted.

F. J. P. (St. Austell).—Asquith and Co. will deal with the food profiteers when all the rest of us are in the workhouse.

"MAMIE" (Greenwich).—The Germhun language has no equivalent for the English "gentleman."

W. McD. (H.M.S. *Intrepid*) says he would be indebted to us "for the address of Mr. Hughes of Australia's new line of steamers of which Mr. J. B. Larkin is manager." Don't know it, but we're certain Hughes wouldn't have any Larkin.

REV. G. K. MACBRAN (Manchester).—We gladly recognise your kindness in distributing some thousands of Scottish newspapers to Scottish soldiers in hospital. That is exactly why we regretted you did not hand the distribution to a deputy instead of stopping it during your holiday.

"SAPPER" (Chatham).—"I am almost positive there is a Germhun Club in the vicinity of Chatham that wants finding out." In that case sap to find it in.

"DOROTHY" (Brixton).—We do not suppose the Brixton Library will be allowed to remain a "blaze of light" under the September regulations.

W. S. R. (Warrington).—Glad to hear Warrington's Navy Day raised over £2,000—and not £1,766 18s. as stated in JOHN BULL from a local report.

"LEDBURY" (Ledbury).—We have frequently exposed the disgraceful trading tricks of the Household Supply Co., 3, Warwick Street, Manchester, to get money out of the unsuspecting. You can only maintain a civil action, however.

M. H. P. (Walkerville).—"With most earnest wishes that your powerful pen may be guided in the right direction." Thanks. But what's the matter with yours? On paper it certainly looks as if it had got drunk after closing time.

M. C. (Bromley).—We did not, and do not, suggest there is necessarily "anything disloyal or pro-Germhun in praying for the *soul* of Casement." What we suggest is that it was offensive to make a public shout about it.

"GUARDSMAN" (Caterham).—Glad to hear you have succeeded in winning two "Bullets" prizes with one coupon. May you bring a bigger coup off with your next effort.

V. V. V. (Bedford Park, W.) inflicts on us the ancient buskers' jape about the accident to the lady in the tram, who had her eye on a seat and someone sat on it. Lucky it wasn't one of "V. V. V.'s Eyes."

J. G. (Edinburgh).—When you say you have "seen our advert. asking for 1864 pennies," you say what is not true.

W. C. (Durham).—To light a match during a Zepp raid was a blazing indiscretion, but in the case you mention "a month without the option" was certainly a trifle steep.

W. H. H. S. (Taunton).—"Notoriously corrupt as Taunton is politically." Ssh!—not another word!

W. F. A. (Mellor, Derbyshire).—Hope the fête for blinded soldiers and sailors was successful, but what does the local reporter mean by saying that "Ladies like Mrs. George Lenthall sat out in the rain taking the recipes at the entrance"? Think he learned his literary style from a cookery book?

W. B. (Glasgow).—We accept your intimation that venison is "sometimes the flesh of the nanny-goat," but the sample of this choice meat that asphyxiated your cook had probably been kept beyond the climax of its maturity.

J. S. (Salisbury).—After paying one instalment of interest to the professional money-lenders you name, you would probably realise, in a flash of intuition, "why they don't lend their money to the Government instead of pestering other people."

"JERRY" (Blackburn).—No wonder your sister complains when her four sons are taken and she sees total exemption granted to three brewery men whose work of importance is barrel-washing.

"W. B." (Colebrooke Row).—All civilian persons between 15 and 65 years of age must register under the National Registration Act. Inquire at your local Town Hall for necessary forms.

W. S. (Ilford) sends us a small gilt brooch picked up at Southend by one of his grandchildren. As it contains the photograph of a sailor, our correspondent will be glad to return it to the owner, through us.

"A CORPORAL" (Enderby).—A man holding a certificate of American citizenship cannot be compelled to serve in the British army.

F. T. (Kidderminster)—It is, indeed, "a great scandal" that wounded soldiers should have to stand in the corridors of trains while there is plenty of vacant room in first-class carriages. Let us hope such episodes are rare.

"DISGUSTED MANCUNIAN."—Yours is not the first complaint we have received of unsatisfactory conditions in consumptive sanatoria. Let us see the reply from the Medical Officer of Health.

W. R. (Glasgow).—Hurrah! for your silver wedding, but even an invitation to it will not bribe us to print your verses.

PTES. P. H. AND R. S. (B.E.F.).—Your picture, of a crowd of women and children waiting for bread in Berlin while the two Willies fiddle and beg for another War Loan, contains a good idea, but is unsuitable for reproduction.

J. D. M. (Euston).—You, an Indian, came here and enlisted in a white regiment; you were subsequently discharged through a broken leg, and cannot now secure employment because of your colour. You seem to be a "real white man," deserving better consideration.

A. B. (Dovercourt).—The hotel landlady objected to your price of 5d. per lb. for best greengages, though the shop price was 1s., saying "yours were only English"! Charge her double, and call them Anglo-Saxon.

"A SAILOR'S SISTER" (Victoria Docks).—A man who has served for 18 months was offered a white feather by a fool of a girl. We hoped that nonsense had been stopped.

W. C. (Southampton).—"Which is the longest and finest promenade in the British Isles?" The one at the Empire used to be rather fine, but we believe it has been altered lately.

"IRISH SOLDIER" (Stockport).—If so, how can you take offence at "*Some Irish laggards* seem to shirk The call to do or die, We'll tell *such* when they look for work, 'No Irish need apply'"?

"SERVANT GIRL" (Oxford).—The first time we have ever heard of vacuum cleaners "doing servant girls out of their jobs." The trouble has always been to keep servant girls in them.

MRS P. (Wandsworth).—Your husband (47) and son are both serving, and you ask if we mind you writing to us. Madam, you are one of the readers we are proud of.

"ALLINGTON."—A missionary, who "denounces as outside the pale of all future hope everyone of any other religion than his own," has no real religion in his carcase. He is the kind of person who works mischief when insolently seeking to "convert" better men than himself.

M. M. (Colchester).—A card, posted at Holloway, March 20th, 1907, and delivered at North Kensington, July 30th, 1916, shows what stern sloggers there are in the P.O. Even the war did not stop them from getting the card through at last.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

O. T. C.

(Confiding Cadet.)

"Hang it all, I couldn't make it out a bit at first. When fellows in the habit of accepting your cigarettes for some time suddenly and politely refuse them, it puzzles a chap a bit. One day I asked Cuthbert the reason, and he said they were all smoking Cavander's 'Army Club' Cigarettes, and had given up the other kinds. So, of course, I immediately bought a packet, and tumbled to it at once. They're the thing. Top-hole!"

CAVANDER'S

"ARMY CLUB"

CIGARETTES.

PRICES:

9d. for 20, 1/10½ for 50, 3/9 for 100.

FOR THE FRONT.—We will post 200 Army Club Cigarettes to Officers at the Front, specially packed in air-tight tins of 50, for 6s.

CAVANDER'S, GLASGOW.

The Firm of Three Centuries. Established 1775.

London Postal Address: 167, Strand, London, W.C.

This series of advertisements is republished by desire.

BEACON OILSKINS

Keep you dry always. Men's 9/- Children's 2/6, Sou'-westers, 1/6, Long Leggings, 2/9. Guaranteed against stickiness, leakage or dissatisfaction on money-back methods. Illustrated List Post Free. Send Post-card now for this Art Booklet of "Weather Comfort," to HARBOUR'S, Ltd., 67, BEACON BUILDINGS, SOUTH SHIELDS.

VOL-PEEK,

The Wonderful Invention.

Mends holes in Pots, Pans and all Metal articles without tools, and in two minutes. Sold in packets, 2d. each of all Oilshops, Ironmongers and Grocers. If unobtainable send 3d. to

R. D. STOREY, 4, Brunner Road, Ealing, W.

DUTY FREE TOBACCO.

Clarkson's Special Twist.

An Ideal Smoking and Chewing Tobacco.

2/4 per lb. Postage 1/- Extra.

Dispatched to Expeditionary Forces.

Send P.O. to—

JAMES CLARKSON & SON.

93, High Street, Falkirk.

T.M. SMOKER'S TOOTH POWDER OR CREAM

takes away "tongue bite," dry throat and huskiness, keeps mouth sweet and teeth clean.

Powder, 6d. a tin; Cream, 1/- a tube. All Chemists, or Christy's, Old Swan Lane, E.C.

£1,000 IN "BULLETS" PRIZES OFFERED EVERY WEEK!

☞ Two more Coupons for this week's Competition will be found on the opposite page.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 21st.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(206) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 206, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 21st.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(206) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 207. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **207** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 207,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 207.

BRITISH PUSH
SHORTENING THE LINE
CRACKED UP
THE DEVIL TO PAY
WAKING THE MISSUS
ANOTHER STORY
SHOWING HER HAND
WELL DONE
ON A SOFT THING
GENERAL REJOICING
AFTER THE HOLIDAYS
COMING COLLAPSE
MOST SURPRISING WHEN
HAND TO MOUTH
GERMAN BOASTS
AWAITING THE FALL
CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE
BEST BOY
CONFOUNDING THE KAISER
A BIG SMASH

BULLETS RULES 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 206.

AMAZING EXPLOIT
GENERAL JOFFRE
ROUNDING THEM UP
CRUSHING DEFEAT
BEGINNING TO TUMBLE
SORRY LOT
WEARING LESS
A BAD HABIT
HOW TOMMY'S TREATED
UNWELCOME VISITOR
VILLAGE GOSSIP
BECOMING OPTIMISTIC
FIRING BIG GUNS
INCREASED TAKINGS
GETTING A BITE
MOST UNDESIRABLE
WHEN RENT'S BEHIND
BADLY COOKED
NOT JUST AT PRESENT
TREATING FATHER
PAY AND LOOK PLEASANT
EXPECTING BILL
WHEN IN TROUBLE
A VAIN DREAM
GIVEN AWAY
FINDING A WIFE
LOOKING NASTY
SWEET GIRL
THE KAISER'S CHOICE
VILLAGE IDIOT

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **AN** / letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you:—

Example:—
LOOKING NASTY.
Bullet:—
TAXI-DRIVER RECEIVES EXACT FARE.

Example:—
GIVEN AWAY.
Bullet:—
NOTHING BY MISER.

Example:—
WHEN IN TROUBLE.
Bullet:—
LIE LOW.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated October 7th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupon will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated September 16th.

RESULT OF 203RD BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE of £250:—

Mr. H. PEARLSTEIN, 27, Weldon Street, London, E.

Example:—HELPING TO WIN.
Bullet:—"WAIVING" HOLIDAYS—NOT FLAGS.

SECOND PRIZE of £25:—

Sergeant W. G. WHEATLEY, A.D. Command, G.P.O., Sheffield.

Example:—GRASS WIDOW.
Bullet:—BOTH "BAT ON" OCCASIONALLY.

THIRD PRIZE of £10:—

Miss A. THOMSON, Muirbrow, Muir St., Hamilton, Scotland.

Example:—HIDING THE TRUTH.
Bullet:—DOCTOR MAKES A "PRACTICE."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES of £5 EACH:—

Mrs. A. PINE, St. Paul's Road, Chichester, Sussex: THE KAISER EXPECTS—"NO END" OF TROUBLES.
Mr. M. F. HASSETT, Killaloe, Co. Clare, Ireland: BEGINNING OF THE END—GERMANY BECOMES MORE "ABANDONED."
Mr. C. SUPPER, 12, Balfour Rd., Acton, London, W.: A TIGHT FIT—HARDLY EVER OFFICIAL ENVELOPES.
Miss A. COLE, 8, Denbigh Rd., Bayswater, London, W.: LADY CLERK—"PRETTY" AND "NO MISTAKE."
Lce.-Cpl. J. TURTON, F Coy., Royal Marine Barracks, Chatham: THE TOP DOG—MAKES UNDER ONE "SMART."
Mr. A. H. POTTER, 55, Earlham Rd., Norwich: MOST JOYFUL WHEN—LADIES PREACH SUNDAYS ONLY.
Mr. HY. SIMMERS, 21, Lever Hall Road, Bolton: OUR GENERAL—ALWAYS READY TO "DROP."
Mr. G. SMITH, 10, John Street, Northwich, Cheshire: THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE—IT'S "BEST" ANNIHILATED.
NELLIE KELLIE, The Cinerama, Crosshill, Glasgow: PRUSSIAN GUARDS—"LESS" HEARD OF NOW.
Mr. J. JONES, 17, Augusta Street, Cardiff: FRESH TROOPS—AUNS KEEP "BRINGING UP."

10 WEEK-END PRIZES of £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. F. TONGUE, 483, Kingston Rd., Raynes Pk., London, S.W.: THE CONFIDENCE TRICK—EXCHANGE GRAIN FOR AMMUNITION.
Mr. W. J. BREALEY, Castle Street, Thornbury, Glos.: REMNANT DAY—BRITISH PRISONERS RECEIVING PARCELS. (Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mrs. BOWLER, 55, Wellington Road, Ealing, W.: MOST JOYFUL WHEN—HUBBY "TURNS THE CORNER."
Mr. W. RADFORD, 5, Sunnyside, Worksop, Notts: REMNANT DAY—ALL ENDS "UP."
Mr. A. B. DAY, Hartington House, Carlisle: THE KAISER EXPECTS—HIS "WINGS" SHORTENED SOON.
Mr. M. DICKSON, 8, Palmerston Ave., Whalley Range, Manchester: HIDING THE TRUTH—THE CHEAP CYCLE'S ENAMEL.
Mr. J. MCCANN, ss. "City of Dunkirk," c/o Transport Officer, Southampton: THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE—GREATEST "SHOW" NOW "RUNNING."
Mr. T. WYLDES, 21, Gungate, Tamworth, Staffs: HELPING TO WIN—THE PLAINTIFF'S HANDKERCHIEF.
Mr. D. MCKENZIE, H.M.S. "Circe," c.o. G. P. O.: IN THE TRENCHES—NOBILITY IN "NARROW" CIRCUMSTANCES.
Mr. R. J. LEES, The Hollies, Ilfracombe: FRESH TROOPS—NOT ON "GOVERNMENT BEER."

YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, September 21st.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(206) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 206, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, September 21st.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(206) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Sept. 16th, 1916.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day (*Strike out one of these.*) Sept. 16th, 1916

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....
Newsagent of .....
.....
and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address of home.....
.....

"INDIGESTION

Was Chronic for Three Years."

"I was discharged as Incurable after 4 Months in the Infirmary."

"Indigestion pains were simply terrible."

"I was unable to take any solid food for a week at a time."

"I spent any amount of money on treatment."

"CURED BY CICFA."

"Cicfa acted like a charm. I am off to the Front again, and I am pleased to say that I am going out a different man, not much like what I was when I went to Belgium. Make what use of this letter you please."

PRIVATE C. WILLIAMS,
of the 7th ROYAL FUSILIERS, wrote
ALL THE ABOVE STATEMENTS.

He wrote the letter in gratitude, a short time ago, after 3 years of misery, pain and disheartening treatment for Chronic Indigestion, both at home and in a well-known infirmary, where he was for 4 months.

Cicfa cured him. *WE* ARE NOT SURPRISED. Your *DOCTOR*, if he has used Cicfa, would not be surprised.

Cicfa cured Private Williams, and cures thousands, because it contains that combination of Digestive Ferments which Nature must supply to the Stomach and Bowel if your food is to be properly digested. You have Indigestion when those Ferments are not being supplied in proper quantity. By taking Cicfa you produce and supply enough of those Ferments to ensure complete digestion of all the Albuminous food, like eggs, meat, etc., in the Stomach, and all the Starchy food like bread, potatoes, beans, etc., in the Bowel. Thus all the nourishment is extracted from all your food. It passes into the blood, and on to nourish your whole system. Fermentation ceases, so that you do not suffer from gases or distressing Flatulence with that "feeling of fulness after eating," nor from those hard masses, "Starch Balls," and Constipation with all its misery, weakness and discomfort. Your blood grows purer and richer, because it receives nothing except pure nourishment from digested food. Thus you can be sure that after taking Cicfa, whether you are **"off to the Front" or off to work, or staying at home, you will soon feel like Private Williams, that is, "a different person,"** whether you are a Man, Woman or Child. Both Stomach and Bowel Indigestion will thus disappear.

Cicfa has been taken up by over 11,000 British doctors, many of whom have written us of the splendid results produced by taking it themselves and giving it to patients.

Instead of taking Soda, Magnesia, or other alkalis to neutralise Uric Acid in the blood for the cure of Rheumatism, Gout, etc., you should **prevent the formation of the Uric Acid** by ensuring complete digestion of the food followed by complete oxidation and assimilation, for in that way you prevent the formation of excessive Uric Acid, which so often causes Rheumatism, Gout, etc.; Cicfa ensures such complete digestion of the food. That is why so many persons are surprised to find that when Cicfa cures their Indigestion their Rheumatism has also gone.

IN WAR TIME your mind affects your Digestion more than you realise. You know how worry often affects the Stomach, indeed, the whole alimentary tract. Nausea and even vomiting often result from anxiety. If you are worried at present (who is not worried?) your digestion is weakened, while, on the other hand, your ability to resist worry is lessened through weak digestion. Keep your digestion perfect, not by taking Purgatives, which upset it, not by dieting with consequent Starvation, which increases the Indigestion, but by eating liberally and regularly and taking Cicfa to assist digestion, because Cicfa alone contains those natural Digestive Ferments which, when present in sufficient quantity, and in absolute purity, make Indigestion impossible and make Digestion perfect and certain.

WARNING.—Let no person impose upon you by selling you one of the 47 worthless imitations of Cicfa (at 6d. or 7½d.) now on the market.

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